THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume I | New York, Wednesday, February 18, 1925 | Number 15

CONTENTS

Imperfect Sympathies 389
Week by Week 391
Our Sister Republic 393
Senator Johnson's Attack 393
About The Commonweal 394
The Catholic Church and Birth Control..Vincent McNabb 396
Sacrament or Contract?....Katharine Tynan 397
The Twentieth Amendment .....Charles G. Fenwick 398
Greek Rooms: The Museum (*verse*)..... Marie Luhrs 399
The Gloomy Dean's Nightmare.....G. K. Chesterton 400
Of Certain Poets (*verse*)....Loretta Roche 402
Poems of Cuba..Translated by Thomas Walsh 403
Bancel La Farge, Mural Painter.....Anna McClure Sholl 404
Aveduke and Ames .....George N. Shuster 406
The Principle of Bolshevism.....William Franklin Sands 408
A Communication 410
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 411
Books .....Bertram C. A. Windle, Frederick Taber Cooper, Thomas Walsh 412
The Quiet Corner 415

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

EVEN among well-disposed people, quite willing to accord to the Catholic Church the respectful consideration which they are in the habit of extending to all denominations, there is a sort of puzzlement about its beliefs and practices that is not felt about any other system figuring in the religious life of the nation. People have become used to the notion that religious needs may differ, and that which may suit one person may not suit another; so that the denominational variation which has gone on in the United States does not in general strike them as at all strange or perplexing. It is usually regarded as the part of a good citizen to give his patronage and support to some church, but not necessarily any particular church. The selection may be such as early training or present social convenience may suggest, and usually it is not regarded as specially important what that choice may be. There is in general a prevailing sense of international comity, and people feel that they understand one another none the less because one happens to belong to one denomination and another to a different denomination.

But that feeling is not usually experienced with regard to Catholics even when they are personally liked and respected. Indeed casual intercourse with Catholics often tends to increase the puzzlement. For one thing, there seems to be something incommunicable about their opinions that is not encountered among the adherents of any other denomination. While it is a common practice to vaunt denominational history and expatiate on its achievements to any seeker for information, the average Catholic seems to be strangley indifferent to such matters. It is usually so difficult to draw him into arguments and explanations that there is a pretty general impression that the ordinary run of Catholics do not know as much about their church as the ordinary run of people do about the denominations to which they belong.

Opinion of this nature implies such deep misunderstandings of Catholic temperament and habits of thought that it is almost impossible to make known to an unsympathetic querist the true state of the case. Probably the most available mode of throwing light upon it is to resort to analogy. Suppose then that one should get on such free and easy terms with an average Briton as to put to him such questions as these—"How can you reconcile yourself to being the subject of a king when you think of such a ruler as Richard III? How is it that you fellows put up with a monarch at all, instead of establishing a republic and electing its president as we do?" Instead of attempting an answer, the average Briton would be apt first to give you a stare of astonishment, but about all he would say would be that their form of government suited them very well. Then he would change the subject, for he would feel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that your misunderstanding of his habits of thought was so complete that there was no ground for intelligent discussion. If you could look into his mind you would not find there a particle of interest in the affairs of Richard III. Such matters he is content to leave to experts in history and constitutional law. And you would further find that there was a sharp distinction in his thought between the crown as an office and the personality of the king. He could hold the one in profound esteem and yet feel entirely free to criticize the other. He was content to be a British subject not because he approved of everything in the history of his country or in the behavior of her rulers, but because he believed that thereby he obtained the benefits of an organization of authority which maintained public order and individual freedom. Whether or not he is right or wrong in his beliefs, it is at least clear that they rest upon considerations of quite another order from those which his questioner had in mind. What with him was central were the credentials of the authority to which he gave his allegiance, as attested in its actual transactions, and he did not bother his mind about the vicissitudes of its history or the details of its jurisprudence.

The thought of the average Catholic runs very much on similar lines. He does not feel that it is any more necessary for him to be an expert in history or theology to be a good Catholic than it is necessary for one to study the decisions of the Supreme Court to be a good American citizen. He is well aware that the Church makes ample provision for expert attention to such matters, subject to searching examination and prolonged criticism before any conclusive determination can be reached, and that contents him. That is why the issues turning upon questions of biblical interpretation and their theological formulation, which are now disturbing the great Protestant denominations, do not make even a ripple among the Catholic laity. This does not mean that Catholics do not appreciate the importance of such issues, but only that they rest content in the knowledge that they live under a system which provides for full examination and exact determination of them by competent authority. They believe that popular agitation and decisions by casual vote in a transient assembly are as poor a way of settling such questions as they would be of construing the constitution of the United States. They do not view the pulpit as a forum but as a post of instruction kept under systematic supervision and control. In a recent essay Mr. Chesterton gave this complete statement of the Catholic attitude of thought—

"The Catholic believes that all the Bible *means* is true; and that the Church is the interpreter of what the Bible means."

The truth is that matters of this order, which among our Protestant friends are very much to the fore, are among Catholics quite back and away from their ordinary moods. The aspect in which they are in the habit of contemplating the Church is not as a system of authority but as a spiritual home, which makes the universe a companionable and comfortable place in which to be. The comforts of the home depend upon the order and authority maintained there, but those are not the things about which one thinks in enjoying the comforts. The opportunities and privileges of the home life are what create the tender associations and the sweet attachments which one feels. And if this thought is kept in mind as a principle of interpretation it will clear up what is often a puzzle to observers—the indifference which Catholics seem to show to the poor art of the plaster statues and the tawdry ornaments which one may see often in their churches. It is not at all that they are not aware of such artistic deficiency, but it is because their thought centers upon the intention. Just as a kind-hearted man could not possibly be disdainful of the enlarged photographs and the garish chromos that do duty for portraits and pictures in humble homes, so too the Catholic disregards the bad art in appreciation of the affection of which it is an expression. Or the case might be compared to some Fourth of July celebration carried out with scanty means. Who cares about the poor draggled bunting or the discordant blare of the village band when the patriotic intention is earnest and sincere? No matter what one may think of the art displayed, one can sympathize with the spirit of patriotism. Better a poor celebration than no celebration at all. Even love which makes the world go round is more often ridiculous than not in its ordinary display. There is a great deal in Gautier's remark that only the young and the beautiful can make love without being ridiculous. But because of that is love to be despised?

However poor the appointments of a Catholic church may be, it is a place which abounds with love and patriotism, and there as elsewhere these emotions seek expression in material forms. The devotion to the Virgin Mary which is so marked a feature of Catholic worship, and which never fails to provide itself with a special shrine, is apt to strike a Protestant observer as putting her at an eminence above that which she has in the Gospels. This misses the Catholic point of view. It isn't what took place then but what is going on now that is central in Catholic thought. Catholic belief in the immortality of the soul and in the Communion of the Saints supplies the atmosphere in which Mariolatry flourishes. One must grasp the significance of those principles to understand how Catholics turn to Mary as to a loving mother, who veritably exists and is able to console and help.

It comes to this—that the imperfect sympathies which obstruct understanding of Catholicism are due to differences in the point of view. Cardinal Wiseman's apposite simile illustrates the situation. On the outside, the pattern of a stained glass window seems to be confused and ineffectual; one must see it from the inside to appreciate its beauty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK, President
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Secretary
JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Treasurer and Business Manager

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

Editorial Council

HENRY JONES FORD JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES HENRY LONGAN STUART
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE T. LAWRASON RIGGS
R. DANA SKINNER

Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

FROM the golden tripod of the Atlantic Monthly for February, the "gloomy Dean" once more vaticinates Religion in the Future, the substance of his vision. One thousand years from today it will be vastly interesting to note the particular reasons upon which men will base their prediction of the downfall of the Church. Dean Inge's general prophecy is fair enough. His main particular objections to the permanency of Catholicism are: infallibility, obscurantism, and the administrative structure of the Church. Of course he underscores the incompatibility of "mediterranean" religious forms with English (and American) thought and general characteristics. One would be disposed to concede him this point. To the English mind, to the northern European mind in general, deep rooted in materialism, Christianity is a hard saying, as were certain of Christ's teachings to Jews of similar mental calibre. To the hard bitten "insular" mind (prevalent also continentally) the internationalism of the Church is abhorrent. The Dean is only partly right with regard to America. There is, unquestionably, a racial antagonism mixed in with antagonism to the church form and to Catholicism. But there is also the "melting pot."

IT is unfortunate that an eye as keen as the Dean's, seeing so near to the heart of the matter, cannot strip from truth the non-essentials, and is unguided by discernment. Still, discernment, one believes, is a gift of the Holy Ghost. As to his charge, for instance, of "obscurantism"—why defend the charge, why deny it? He insists on the need of reconciling science and religion. Of course—but from the point of view of a religious corporation that believes itself to be as lasting as time, is not the "wait and see" attitude of mind entirely logical and natural? "We have the Eternal Truth; you bring a discovery which, you say, disproves our claim. We have time, all of time, to prove your discovery; let's wait and see whether the next generation or two destroys your theory or confirms it. Why hurry?

AS to infallibility: the Dean evidently assumes, at least for the purposes of argument and prophecy, the Divinity of Christ. That, he admits, will remain a fundamental belief of religion; Christianity in this sense is permanent in time. But men will reject infallibility. One does not follow that reasoning. If Christ, Divine, restated truth to the world, trained a picked body of missionaries, apostles, to teach that truth to those who had not heard Him, would it not be a grotesque failure of purpose not to have, left somewhere, an unerring form of truth, an infallible interpretative authority? Dean Inge dislikes the outward form of the Church, its administrative machinery, and fears the abuse of power of so well knit an international organization. One fears that the Dean does not include in his general reading English Catholic writers. One would suggest to him some of the excellent books written by English priests and bishops for the guidance of priests. In England and in Ireland, and even in Rome, men, laymen and clerics are more outspoken on these subjects than in America. He might find at home material on the structure of the Church well worthy of his attention, treated with a frankness that would, no doubt, amaze him. That might be a dangerous study for the Dean to undertake.

THE press dispatches indicate that Dean Inge is soon to visit this country, where, no doubt, he will deliver addresses. He is well nigh as eloquent a speaker as he is a writer. In view of the highly interesting remarks he makes in the Atlantic article, The Commonweal elsewhere in this number publishes an article by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who on many occasions has measured swords with the "gloomy Dean." Mr. Chesterton replies, in this article, to statements made by Dean Inge in the Evening Standard of London. These statements so closely resemble statements made in the Atlantic article that Mr. Chesterton's rejoinder in effect is a reply to the latter. For example, the Atlantic article is peppered (red-peppered, it might be said) with allusions to Catholicism and the Catholic Church very much of the same order as those dealt with by Mr. Chesterton. However much Dean Inge may dislike Catholicism, and however little he loses what seem to him opportunities to score against it, he nevertheless admits, in the Atlantic, that the stability of Catholicism looks much more assured today than when the historian Winckelmann wrote in 1768

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Rome that before half a century had passed there would no longer be a Pope or a priest in the Eternal City. Indeed, in prophesying as to the future of religion, Dean Inge states that should Bolshevism really threaten world stability Catholicism would become the inevitable rallying point of all the forces that oppose Bolshevism. He disbelieves, however, so he states, in "a sweeping victory for Catholicism" in the modern world, in spite of the evidences of its rapid growth in Germany and other countries.

PROTESTANTISM he considers to be in a depressed, chaotic condition. It is in a return to a sort of mystical Calvinism, a spiritual Puritanism, that Dean Inge rests his hopes for the future. That this new religion of Dean Inge will try to make the best of both worlds is indicated by his remark that "any country in which a revival of Puritanism takes place will reap a rich material, as well as moral, reward." Whether the new form of Christianity will accept or reject the name of Protestantism, does not, Dean Inge believes, much matter. "It will belong, I think," he says, "to the Platonic and humanist type, which has always existed in the church. It will be entirely independent of Rome, and will not conform to the articles of belief of any of the great reformed churches." It would seem, then, that in the opinion of Dean Inge, perhaps the ablest writer, and certainly one of the most influential intellectual leaders of the Anglican Church, the final dissolution of all traditional and authoritative forms of Christianity is at hand. Mr. Chesterton's views on this proposition form the most interesting portion of his article.

THE seizure of the Norwegian steamer Sagatind by the Coast Guard fleet twenty-eight miles from shore, or sixteen miles beyond the limit laid down by treaty with Norway, as with Great Britain, throws no particularly new light upon the Volstead Act and its repercussion on foreign relations. But it directs attention once more to the international difficulties which the Eighteenth Amendment has shouldered upon the State Department, and whose burden seems likely to increase rather than decrease in the near future. Faced by a situation for which history affords no precedent, there are two things which the federal government might do, and effectively clear the air. One is to proclaim the citizen whose drinking habits cannot readjust themselves to soda fountain standards a public enemy, and to treat all efforts to ameliorate his dehydrated condition, from whatever source proceeding, as aid and comfort thereto. Another is to extend the limit within which the federal warrant runs from twenty-eight to 280 or even 2,800 miles with an inland zone of some miles upon the littoral of coastwise countries where the new limit impinges. Either method, of course, will imply a right to search and seize upon the high seas all vessels headed west and without a manifest as clear and dry as Mr. W. H. Anderson's expense account. But the United States is powerful and respected, its navy is strong and growing stronger. And principles are worth little if those who hold them balk at the cost of enforcement. Meantime edifying comment upon the whole question is at hand in the assurance by Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., before the Women's National Republican Club of New York, that the prohibition amendment was inserted in the state constitutions of Maryland, California, Iowa and Massachusetts in the teeth of a popular referendum against it.

ALL lovers of mediaeval art and letters will join in regretting the death of Mr. Philip Henry Lee-Warner, who died suddenly in London on January 29. From the time, fifteen or sixteen years ago, that Mr. Lee-Warner deserted the more obviously lucrative ways of publishing to give his undivided attention to the Medici Society, an immense volume of work, including reproductions in facsimile of the Primitives and re-issues in beautiful and seemly form of ancient religious texts, had been conducted under his able direction. A mere list of recent publications by the firm in Grafton Street gives some idea of the place it had come to occupy in archaeology and hagiography. These include One Hundred Miracles of Our Lady Mary, translated from Ethiopic manuscripts in the British Museum, Legends of Our Lady Mary the Perpetual Virgin and Her Mother Hanna from manuscripts in the possession of King Theodore of Abyssinia, The Dialogues of St. Gregory, Surnamed the Great, first published in 1608, A Book of Saints for the Young, illustrated with reproductions from the primitive painters, and The Highway of the Cross, by Fra Angelico. Among more mundane publications may be noted Stephen McKenna's translation of Plotinus, and a monumental edition of Vasari's Lives of the Painters.

IN an able editorial, printed opposite the news of Mr. Lee-Warner's death, the New York Times, while referring to the exhibition of fine printing given in this city by the Institute of Graphic Arts, had something to say which might well be incorporated in any valedictory pronounced over his grave.—"The purpose prompting this activity, though it expresses itself through commercial channels, is as disinterested as that of any artist, musician or author. It is the pure aspiration of a craftsmanship such as showed itself in what has been regarded as the golden age of typography and the graphic arts." Catholics owe a double debt of recognition when this quest for beauty has been conducted on the holy ground of their own written tradition and pictured legend. Mr. Lee-Warner's life was a short one. But in watching one volume after another through the press in which the ideals he cared most for found such graceful expression, one imagines that it was singularly happy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR SISTER REPUBLIC

THE page of our translations from the newer poets of Cuba, published in this issue of The Commonweal, may be taken not only as a token of interest in the literature of our sister republic but as an evidence of the general esteem and admiration established throughout our own United States for the serious and able manner in which the Cuban people have undertaken and in a large way accomplished the work of their national regeneration after their struggle and their liberation from the rule of Spain.

The eyes of the whole world have been fixed upon the relations established between our North American colossus and the island of the Habanera, and nowhere, perhaps, has this interest been so acute as within the greater centres of our southern republics, peoples of the same traditions of colonization, language, culture, race and religion, who have, not always with perfect reason, interpreted their own relations with our government in the same terms as those of Cuba. That our hopes have gone far toward fulfilment, that the scepticism of our critics has been partly overcome by a felicitous course of adjustments, must give not only supreme satisfaction to the United States but a sense of security and happiness to Cuba herself, whose heroes have not shed their blood, nor given their lives altogether in vain. They have accomplished their program of liberty, peace and prosperity, their racial traditions and culture remain integrally their own: indeed, it is an extraordinary experience to cross the narrow neck of water dividing Key West and Habana and to find so total a difference, on one side the developed civilization of the North, on the other the outpost of Hispanic-American culture flourishing and radiant in the Antilles.

The revolutionary spirit which is at the heart of Cuban literature in prose and verse is still a source of vigor and inspiration to her writers: the hands accustomed to the gun and machete are slow to relinquish weapons that have served in their time of need.

This land has produced such geniuses in poetry, as José Maria Heredia, the father of native song; as José Jacinto Milanés, the fine moralist singer; as Gabriel de la Concepción Valdes (Placido) the mulatto martyr of her liberties; as Rafael M. Mendive, the exquisite lyrist, honored in the translations of Longfellow; as Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, one of the greatest feminine figures in the history of poetry; as Juan Clemente Zenéa, who gave his genius and his life for his country; as the brothers Antonio and Francisco Sellén; the charming Diego Vicente Tejera; and last of this revolutionary group, the distinguished, cultivated poet and statesman, José Marti.

In Julián del Casal, we find one of the most exquisite precursors of what is known as the modernista movement in Hispanic poetry: to his name may be attached that of his friend, Enrique Hernandez Miyares, followed in genius by such living poets as Lofa de Tio, Poveda, Luis Rodriquez Embil, Galiano Cancio, and Sánchez Galarraga.

There are two other evidences of Cuban genius that have come down undiminished to our own days: they are music and oratory.

This is not the time to enter upon a discussion of the place of modern dance music in the realms of art: in musical rhythms Cuba has shown such genius of production and appreciation as practically to become the home land of syncopation and the modern developments of the cake-walk which we have known generically as jazz. The intricacies of Cuban dancing will be evident to all who have ever visited Habana: the extraordinary half-intelligible (to outlander tourists) music performed by untrained natives will be a real revelation of another race endowed with a sense of rhythm quite different from our own.

The art and practice of oratory—the aim of Quintillian, Demosthenes and Cicero, has to all appearances disappeared from the face of Europe and North America. In the English Parliament dry businesslike men read from notes or use the conversational style; great orators have vanished from the pulpits of England and even France; in the United States there is no new Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Phillips Brooks, or Henry Ward Beecher. In Spain the last great forensic was Castelar, but in Cuba, at least and at last, the revolutionary fervor and poetical character have kept alive the traditions of the ancient art so that in the discourses of such orators as Fernando Sánchez de Fuentes and Carlos Mendieta we can find a blossoming, old and ever new, of a great traditional art.

We have devotees of North America and South America: we have Pan-Americans in all the greater cities of our continent: there are larger capitals in the various republics of America: but there is only one Pan-American capital—in the seas between the two hemispheres interchanging the civilizations and cultures of both, and that is the lovely, spirited, inspired and joyous La Habana.

SENATOR JOHNSON'S ATTACK

SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON'S denial of the right of the administration to enter into foreign engagements of its own motion would be more effective and impressive if he would state just what ought to be the way in which our foreign policy should be conducted. It will doubtless be admitted that it ought to be somebody's business to attend to such matters. Our naional interests are too great and too important to be allowed to drift without management and direction. Now, upon whom does the duty rest, and how is responsibility for its due performance to be enforced? Upon these matters Senator Johnson's remarks do not throw any light.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Johnson vehemently denied that the President had the power to involve this country in the affairs of Europe, which affairs certainly involve our national interests. But power must exist and be trusted somewhere. If it does not rest with the President where does it rest? Is it in the Senate, which has had the Isle of Pines Treaty before it ever since 1904 and has never been able to reach any decision upon it? Is it in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations? The suggestion recalls the fact that the first treaty negotiated with Denmark for the cession of its West Indian islands was hung up indefinitely by that committee until it lapsed and the whole business had to be done over again, largely increasing the cost of the transaction and meanwhile producing many troublesome foreign complications. It will also be recalled that the commercial reciprocity treaties negotiated under the Dingley Act were also hung up in that committee and never laid before the Senate for consideration.

It happens that the Constitution puts upon the President a responsibility which he cannot transfer or evade. He is sworn to protect the national welfare and defend the national interests. The constitution does not require any oath of office from senators or representatives. It would therefore appear to be not only the President's right but his duty to take such steps as he thinks our national interests demand, and so much cannot be reasonably gainsaid. Whether or not the steps he takes are judicious is a proper subject for criticism, and the real question of constitutional importance is whether facilities exist for intelligent criticism. The situation revealed by Senator Johnson certainly shows that they do not. He gives an entirely different account of the nature and effect of the Paris agreement from that given by Secretary Hughes in behalf of the administration, so really the only issue put before the public is "Do you believe Senator Johnson or do you believe Secretary Hughes?" Is that what is meant by intelligent criticism?

It would have been a strange oversight in the framing of the Constitution if it had made no provision for the removal of such misunderstandings, and it is plain enough from the language of the Constitution that it contemplated personal conference between the President and the Senate for the elucidation of such matters and the settlement of national policy. The rules of the Senate still provide that the President shall have a seat in that body when it meets for the consideration of executive business, but that particular rule has been made dead letter by the disinclination of the Senate to discuss executive business in the presence of the President. He is in effect shut out and his constitutional initiative in matters of foreign policy has been transferred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, which time and again has substituted its own proposals for those of the President, or else has shown itself incapable of taking positive action of any kind. The effect has undoubtedly been to give an autocratic tinge to the President's actions, but he is not to blame for that, for he acts under conditions which compel him to make decisions on his own judgment and pursue his own policy. It is quite likely that the close contact and direct communication which the Constitution intended would make the conduct of foreign relations more circumspect and efficient, but since the absence of such means of enlightenment is due wholly to congressional arrangements it is idle to find fault with the President.

ABOUT THE COMMONWEAL

FEBRUARY is Catholic Press Month. The bishops throughout the country have issued special pastoral letters, calling upon the laity to do their part in building up an effective press. In a particular manner, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, through its department of publicity, press and literature, is promoting a widespread and well-organized press campaign.

In a forceful editorial article published by a large proportion of the leading diocesan weekly newspapers, the N. C. W. C. declares that the support of the Catholic press at this particular time "is not a duty to be perfunctorily performed but a great privilege to be eagerly seized and exercised with all the earnestness and energy that you possess." It continues—

"February, 1925, finds the Catholic Church in America facing an onslaught such as it has never before experienced. It finds the individual Catholic and everything he holds sacred and precious being brought into contempt by agencies heretofore free from hostility or misrepresentation.

"To take a glimpse at the new menace—and it may be readily understood that this is but a partial peep—in one month, and the month in which the Nativity of Our Lord is celebrated—articles falsifying and distorting Catholic belief and practice have appeared in publications of the standing of Harper's Magazine, the Century, the Ladies' Home Journal, the Woman's Home Companion, the New York Times, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and the Washington Post. In certain cases, the distortions became scurrilous and positively obscene.

"This is a partial list, but it will serve to reveal the gravity of a situation which promises to become every day more serious if it is not squarely met.

"These publications represent millions of readers who are supposed to comprise a large segment of the intelligence of America. They are regarded by a certain proportion of these readers as guides and interpreters. To many, what they say is gospel. It cannot be denied that they have much to do in forming public opinion in America—public opinion in regard to you as a Catholic and a citizen, in regard to your right to be accepted as a unit in community life and as a responsible person with whom to have business dealings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"While we do not charge, and do not believe, that all of the misrepresentations here dealt with were designed to create public contempt for Catholics and their beliefs, we do assert that such assuredly will be the effect produced by them, and we hold, therefore, that those who either from ignorance or indifferentism are responsible for this result are no more to be excused than the autoist who, through carelessness, runs down and injures a person, or the drinker of bad liquor who, in a muddled state of mind, commits crime. If the newspapers and magazines of the United States wish to discuss Catholic beliefs in their columns, it is right and proper and just that the 20,000,000 Catholics who may be affected by such discussion shall hold them strictly accountable for the truth of their declarations."

This grave view of the situation confronting the country is not the utterance of a single journal, or a mere individual opinion. It is the well-considered and deliberate judgment of an agency responsible directly to the bishops for its utterances, an agency better qualified than any other to take a national view, because of its close, daily acquaintance with the press of the entire country, secular as well as religious. We say that it is of concern to the whole country, and not merely to Catholics, for the reason that if such misleading and erroneous opinions concerning Catholicism are generally accepted by the country at large, they are certain to disrupt the tolerance and mutual understanding which should exist among the citizens of a united nation. It is, therefore, imperatively necessary that Catholic writers, and the Catholic press, should meet these misrepresentations and correct them. It is even more necessary that Catholics and the Catholic press generally should so present the fundamental principles of Catholicism as to prove beyond all doubt, or peradventure to all fair-minded non-Catholics, that instead of these principles being injurious to the country they are truly beneficial. The Catholic writers and the Catholic press cannot fulfill this double function in any effective manner unless the general body of Catholic readers practically supports their efforts. For this reason the Press Month Campaign now proceeding should appeal to every intelligent Catholic man and woman.

The Commonweal occupies a unique position among the journals of the country. It most sincerely believes that the extension of the influence of the official Catholic press should be a prime duty encumbent upon every Catholic worthy of the name. The official Catholic press is indispensable. It can directly convey the teachings and the influence of the authorities of the Church in a manner that no other vehicle can possibly do. It is an agency for the better instruction of Catholics in the doctrine and the practices of their faith without which the Church would be most severely handicapped in the fulfilment of its mission.

As The Commonweal conceives its own function, its part in this great work is to extend the influence of Catholicism into the secular world, particularly that part of the secular world interested in literature, art, and public affairs. It is for this reason that The Commonweal not only calls the attention of its readers to the necessity for the support of the official Catholic press, but it also presents its own claims, in a direct manner, for their consideration.

This journal now has subscribers in every state of the Union. Its design to become a national journal, and not a local product, is, therefore, well advanced toward realization. Without any advertising, or circularization, other than a small amount made in connection with our first number, not a week has passed since The Commonweal began publication that it has not received from fifty to one hundred and fifty voluntary subscriptions. We believe that this fact indicates that there is a real need for such a journal. We also fully realize that only a very substantial increase of our subscribers will place us in a safe position to continue and to enlarge our work.

That it is possible for a journal devoting itself to the higher manifestations of literature and art, and to the most fundamentally important of public affairs, to secure adequate support from Catholic readers has recently been demonstrated in France. The Paris correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Mr. Martial Massiani, has written an article relating the inspiring story of the new weekly intellectual journal, La Vie Catholique. Each department of this journal is filled with articles written by members of the French Academy, bishops, leading journalists or prominent educators, giving accounts or studies of Catholic activities in the fields of literature, the arts, science, social action, religious doctrine and apologetics. "The majority of readers," writes Mr. Massiani, "for whom these articles are somewhat of a revelation, are filled with amazement at the importance of this continual output of Catholic writers, artists and scholars. Although on account of its high intellectual character, La Vie Catholique appeals to a very cultured circle of readers, it attained a circulation of 50,000 copies immediately after its appearance."

We ask each reader of The Commonweal to send us in the names of their friends or acquaintances, Catholic or non-Catholic, who they think would be interested in The Commonweal, so that sample copies and descriptive circulars may be sent to them. There is no reason why The Commonweal should not speedily equal the circulation of La Vie Catholique. We have in the United States competent writers, authorities in all the important departments of science, art and literature. We have in Europe an even more numerous group of effective and interesting writers whose work we may draw upon. Why should not Catholic Americans lead the way, or at least take their place in the front rank of the great forward movement of intellectual Catholicism that is one of the major phenomena of our times?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODERN MARRIAGE—ITS PROBLEMS

I. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND BIRTH CONTROL

By REV. VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

(As the special interest taken by the Catholic Church in marriage questions will figure so largely in the discussion of its problems in our pages we have invited a distinguished member of one of the great religious orders to contribute. In the case of most of the other articles, we must not be assumed to endorse all the views of the writers, but Father McNabb's position entitles his article to be regarded as a reliable expression of orthodox Catholic opinion.—The Editors.)

WHAT has the Roman Catholic Church to say on the matters most discussed at present concerning the married state? Let us offer first-aid to thinking on a subject where thinking has become tangled. The Church does not condemn marriage. The Church exalts marriage by giving it the name and dignity of a great sacrament. But the Church has no authority to approve anything masquerading as marriage, whether this thing is concubinage or adultery.

The Church does not condemn birth-control. Indeed, by its teaching on virginal and conjugal chastity it has exercised such an effective birth-control that Malthus's gloomy prophecies were never fulfilled. But the Church has no authority to approve anything merely masquerading as birth-control, when this thing is lust-uncontrol.

If a man and a woman wish to have the sacrament of marriage they can have it on certain conditions. If they do not wish to have the sacrament they need not have it. The conditions of a Christian marriage are that the marriage act shall be used for begetting children. If the man and woman intend to seek sterile venereal satisfaction with the help of chemical or mechanical appliances, this is not marriage. It is a form of harlotry, which keeps the old Christian name of marriage.

Moreover, this neo-Malthusian union is not the marriage act; but a scientific form of mutual self-abuse. This is the plain English, the common sense of it.

The Church is accused of claiming autocratic power in this matter of neo-Malthusian birth-control. But, quite on the contrary, the Church professes that it has no power.

As to divorce, it says: "If a man and woman are truly married we have no power to allow the marriage to be broken." As to neo-Malthusianism, it says: "If a man and woman are truly married, we have no power to allow the marriage act to be broken."

But what the Church says it has no power or authority to do the State and individuals claim the power to do. Thus the State claims to have the power and authority to break marriage by divorce; individuals claim to have the power to break the marriage act by neo-Malthusian self-abuse.

In disclaiming this power and authority to allow these crimes against marriage, the Church is acting on a basis, not of sentimentality, but of consistent reasoning. It must be remembered that this matter of marriage and neo-Malthusianism is not the only matter submitted to the Church's judgment. Other matters affected by like principles are also submitted to the ethical judgment of the Church. A false decision on this matter, even if given in the interest of a hard case, would imperil the whole of morality.

Thus if by allowing neo-Malthusianism the Church allowed masturbation within marriage, it could not forbid it outside marriage. Or, again, if child-birth being dangerous the husband was allowed to procure venereal satisfaction by artificial means with his wife, it would be impossible to condemn him for seeking the same satisfaction by natural means with a woman who was not his wife. Indeed, these conclusions are not now speculative, but actual. We are asked, in the name of hard cases, to sanction parenthood without wedlock. We are even asked, in the name of hygiene, to allow puberty to be a right to harlotry. And at a recent conference on the sex relations, a clergyman asked whether the time had not come for reconsidering the arguments against sodomy.

Another application of a false principle may be of even greater help towards sound thinking. Almost the only argument, and certainly the main argument used when propagating neo-Malthusianism amongst the poor, is the poverty which makes it necessary to limit the family. Neo-Malthusianism is confessed to be an evil; yet it is claimed to be the lesser of two evils.

But from these principles some conclusions result which are not likely to please the wealthy folk who propagate neo-Malthusianism amongst the poor. If the Church approves neo-Malthusianism on this economic plea of the lesser of two evils, how can it disapprove of theft on the same plea? A husband may say: "My wages are too small to have another child, but my wife and I hate these nasty neo-Malthusian devices. Now, as I am a clerk, I can quite easily steal £2 a week. I feel this is the lesser of two evils. I confess it is an evil to steal. But it is a greater evil not to get a family wage. And I wish you to approve what I do."

The Church which claimed authority to approve neo-Malthusianism would have no authority to disapprove of theft. For this reason the Church rests her action on the principle—non possumus. We cannot.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II. SACRAMENT OR CONTRACT?

By KATHARINE TYNAN

MARRIAGE may be regarded from two points of view. It is a sacrament and indissoluble, or it is a contract and terminable. It is a sacrament to those who accept it as such, and being a sacrament its servitude is to be carried sweetly and lightly because in it are the essentials of sacrifice and duty.

My youth belonged to a time and place in which marriage was generally regarded as a sacrament; and it was surprising how few unhappy marriages there were. So few were these that one accepted as a general thing that a husband and wife were in love with each other, and on the whole one was right. I remember once saying to Alice Meynell that when I saw a widow in the street I wondered how she lived, so sure was I that the breaking of that tie left nothing to live for. In my own circle husbands and wives were honestly in love. That did not mean that there were no disputes, no jars and frets. But, as Patmore put it:

"Through Passionate Duty love flames higher,
As grass grows taller around a stone."

The sacrament explained why the old-fashioned women who accepted it were "door-mats" to a later generation. The person loved might have failings, little or great. Passionate pity and passionate duty bore with all, loved all, extenuated all. People were sometimes even loved the better because of their flaws.

I daresay I was something of an enfant terrible in my innocence. I remember writing letters of burning sympathy to a man whose wife was ill, and vice versa, only to be told later that there was nothing but hatred between the two. To me marriage as a contract represents an impossible thing. The Church to which I belong made marriage a sacrament for the dignifying and ennobling of the human relations. The husband and wife, the father and mother, had received the sacrament: it was on their brows like a chrism. It made holy the bearing of children, so that the human state should rise beyond the animal. Above all, it sanctified the mother—it made holy the woman. To the Christian Church in the middle ages woman owes her dignity and her sacredness. In the other religions she is the man's chattel. The Greeks, highly cultivated as they were, had no word for love. Aspasia was a courtesan.

Not the violent, not the worldling, not the men of affairs, the kings and princes, lifted woman to her place beside man. That was done by the Church when she exalted a Woman with a Child in her arms for the love and veneration of men. It was in the line and descent from the Master, some of Whose dearest friends and disciples were women, women who never failed nor betrayed Him. In the early history of the missionary saints, at the very dawn of Christianity, you will find that tenderness of the saints for woman.

Out of that grew the great chivalry of the middle ages, when women became ladies, and were sung by the poets and became the centre of all art and the inspirers of all gentleness and courtesy.

Marriage as a sacrament, made for a strange innocence in those who accepted it and received it. It made for patience, for endurance, and for fortitude. It made homes, homes for the children, sanctuaries—

"Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child."

Marriage as a dissoluble contract throws down the four walls of home—it is an eternal menace to the children. The children need security more than anything else. We must keep faith with the children. We are on our honor towards those we have created that they shall not suffer.

"If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve."

That attitude of chivalry should be ours towards the children.

I do not live in a fool's paradise, and I know there are cases in which even for the sake of the children people should separate. I know also that there are cases so hard that the grace of the sacrament would seem to become inoperable. But one legislates for the many, not the few; for the normal, not the abnormal.

At the present moment there is a tendency to shake down the sacred institution of marriage. It is marriage as a contract that is failing, not marriage as a sacrament. If marriage could be destroyed, then we let in the beast, and civilization, painfully acquired over all the centuries, goes down with it.

If the sacramental marriage was but an illusion, an invention of the builders of civilization, how incomparably convenient it would be. People do not walk out where there is no egress. The man and the woman joined together indissolubly did not think of alternatives. They made the best of it if there were difficulties. They belonged to each other and possession made dear. "A poor thing, yet mine own," wrote Shakespeare, the wisest of men; and a poor thing possessed, might in time, because no other possession was possible, become precious. The marriage as a contract does not make for a Darby and Joan, for the touching love of old married people.

You err, you err, good people who would shake down the corner stone of our building and with it all we have gained. I believe that being sprung of God it will not fall down, the sacrament of marriage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT

By CHARLES G. FENWICK

IT SEEMS to be part of our human fate to be obliged very often to choose between the lesser of two evils. In some way or other we manage to get manoeuvred into a position where alternatives are presented to us, neither of which is in accord with out best wishes. In the present instance the choice seems to be between the political evil of over-centralization in government and the social evil of postponing the much-needed improvement in the situation of those whose family needs require them to begin work at too early an age. If only there were a third choice, in which the states could be counted upon to pass the necessary legislation upon their own initiative, there would be no issue worth discussing.

In every federation the question arises as to the proper apportionment of the functions of government, between the agents of the union and the local agencies of the member states. The problem is a perplexing one under all circumstances, but it becomes particularly so when the federal government is called upon to put into effect legislation having a social as distinct from a material object. It is obviously desirable to have a common system of coinage, of weights and measures, of bankruptcy procedure, of patent and copyright regulations, and of commercial intercourse between state and state—all of which are provided for in the United States Constitution. The framers of the Constitution were not so impressed with the idea of state sovereignty as to be led to overlook the advantages of having three feet make a yard and four quarts a peck, in every state of the Union. Doubtless they might well have gone further and provided for a uniform law in respect to other matters of commercial relationships where there was little room for diversity of local opinion. Certainly no sound argument could have been made against giving Congress the power to adopt a uniform law of negotiable instruments, and perhaps even the power to adopt uniform laws in respect to agency, contracts, wills, title to real property, and other branches of business law. But the Fathers of the Constitution met the emergency before them, leaving it to their successors to act upon new issues as they arose.

A far more difficult problem is presented when we turn from commercial relationships to what are commonly called social questions. Here there is a real and well-founded diversity of public opinion, both as to the goal to be attained by legislation and as to the means to be taken to attain it. It is argued, therefore, that in respect to these questions the local state governments should be left free to take such action as public opinion in each state thinks wise and expedient. The mere passage of prohibitory legislation, whether by state or federal government, never gets us very far. Laws must be enforced; and the experience of several other amendments has brought home to us the difficulty of enforcing federal laws without the sympathetic coöperation of state officials and without the support of public opinion in the local community. Moreover, the effective protection of those who are technically called children is, as the New York World has forcefully pointed out, not merely a question of prohibiting their labor, but of supplementing the prohibition with an elaborate series of provisions looking to the education of the child and to the support of destitute mothers. These necessary supplementary provisions are not at present within the competence of the federal government; and it is argued that any immediate advantage that might result from the adoption of a higher standard of child labor legislation by the federal government, would be offset by the absence of the further regulations which only the separate states could put into effect.

The above arguments from principle are only strengthened in the minds of their proponents by the fact that, within a brief period of some twelve years, marked progress has been made in child labor legislation by the individual states. With but few exceptions all the states now have a fourteen-year limit for work in factories and a sixteen-year limit for work in dangerous trades; so that while there is still urgent need for further legislation with respect to age limits, night work, hours of labor, physical fitness, etc., the situation is vastly improved over what it was when Senator Beveridge first started the campaign for federal legislation.

In general, the strong argument of those who oppose the pending amendment bears upon the fundamental principle of local self-government or home rule. "It is well to have good government," said Lord Morley, "it is better to have self-government;" and the possible extent of self-government, it may be observed, is to a certain degree in indirect ratio to the size of the community. When electoral districts become as large as are those for members of Congress the amount of actual self-government diminishes in proportion. This may be accepted as unavoidable in matters which, by their nature, do not admit of local regulation; it should be guarded against on all other occasions. Of recent years there has been a tendency to centralize political power in Washington, partly because of the convenience of getting a single law passed for the whole country and partly because of the authority with which laws of the federal government have been supposed to be invested. This tendency, if permitted to continue, will in time put an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end to the state governments. It is a good place to stop here.

On the other hand, the advocates of the proposed amendment in like manner base their case upon political principle and practical considerations. Upon the point of political principle they argue that the United States has now become one country with economic and social interests which cut across state lines and make the old theory of states' rights more and more of an anomaly. These interests demand uniform legislation not only as a means of promoting the welfare of the country as a whole, but as a means of protecting one state against injury from the neglect of another state to measure up to the proper standard. The protection of young persons against harmful conditions of labor, it is argued, is of such vital importance to the entire nation that it will not do to set up against it an abstract political theory which has long outlived the original conditions under which it was formulated. No one contests the necessity of the elaborate code of federal legislation regulating interstate commerce in ways not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. Why stickle at the regulation of child labor, unless some selfish interest be involved?

The practical considerations advanced in favor of the amendment bear upon the neglect of the states to pass laws measuring up to the federal standard of 1916, the inadequate enforcement of such laws as exist and the inefficiency of maintaining forty-eight separate administrative bureaus which duplicate one another in respect to their functions and which are in most cases below the standard of the federal bureau in respect to personnel. If the pending amendment is defeated, there is every reason to believe that the shortage of labor which our new immigration policy will probably bring about, will lead employers to bring even greater pressure upon state legislatures to prevent the passage of more restrictive legislation.

As for the popular objections that have been raised against the amendment since it has been before the country, Dr. John A. Ryan effectively disposes of a number of them in his recent article in the Catholic World. Two objections in particular seem greatly overworked. If, it is argued, the federal government is allowed to regulate child labor, it will go on to regulate education, public morals, our daily diet, and so forth. To which the answer seems to be, why cross these bridges until we come to them? Why take alarm at what Congress will do in the future when it cannot do the thing unless the people themselves authorized it to do it? And there is nothing in the pending amendment which either gives Congress the power now, or creates the necessity of giving Congress the power in the future, to undertake the further regulation of matters which public opinion of the present day believes should remain within the control of the several states.

The second main objection appears to be based upon the assumption that if the proposed power be entrusted to Congress that body will abuse its power. It seems that Congress is in bad standing just now, and while no one is prepared to come forward with a brief in favor of the state legislatures, there is, apparently, a feeling that it is better to leave well enough alone. On that point, however, it is pertinent to observe that the two federal child labor laws, passed under the commerce power and the taxing power respectively, were, during the brief period of their operation, not generally regarded as unreasonable, and were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court solely upon technical constitutional grounds. On the whole, with perhaps one striking exception, the record of Congress in respect to social legislation has been a good one, and compares more than favorably with the laws passed by the individual states. Indeed, it is safe to say that quite a number of state laws which of recent years have been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court on the ground of their general unreasonableness (technically, on the ground of being lacking in due process of law) would never have been passed by Congress had that body been competent to legislate upon the subject.

Such, in brief, are the main points which it seems to the writer can be validly urged pro and con. Unhappily the task of weighing one side against another and reaching a well-considered conclusion is considerably impeded by the preposterous arguments advanced against the amendment from the camp of its opponents and by the political naiveté of many of its advocates. One who believes in the general principle of local self-government in social matters may hesitate to line up with those who are opposing the amendment for reasons little better than that Congress will prevent little Mary from helping mother with the dishes after dinner or little Johnnie from bringing in wood from the wood pile; while one who has no scruples in respect to states' rights in this particular matter may, nevertheless, feel that he does not care to join in the company of those who appear to be ready to entrust every other social problem to the federal government. At any rate, while we are trying to make up our minds upon the question, it would be well for us to keep our national temper and not treat this issue as if it were another Eighteenth Amendment.

Greek Rooms: The Museum

Dead, dead—mouths wet with wine from this cup,
Limbs oiled from this vase, eyes that looked up
Into this mirror, once water bright;
This brooch on a breast breathless in night.

Polish the mirror, pour wine in the urn,
Pour oil in the lamp and let it burn,
Set the wheels of the chariot seething,
Put the brooch at the throat of the breathing.

MARIE LUHRS.

LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GLOOMY DEAN'S NIGHTMARE

By G. K. CHESTERTON

WHEN the Dean of St. Paul's wrote in the London Evening Standard, suggesting that Rome rules the politics of all her children and the priests drive voters before them like sheep, he was certainly most amazingly unlucky in the moment he selected for saying so.

It was in the middle of the General Election, which turned entirely upon the argument about Protection and Free Trade. Nobody out of a madhouse could maintain for a moment that Rome dictates any policy whatever about Protection and Free Trade. Nobody could pretend that she even supports any policy about Protection and Free Trade. Nobody could pretend that there is anything anywhere that could be called a Catholic policy on the subject. Not the Dean himself, in his darkest and most melodramatic imaginations, supposes that the phrase whispered (or rather hissed) by the Pope in the ear of the King, during the royal visit to Rome, consisted solely of the two words "Tariff Reform." Even he would not believe that the sealed orders, carried by all the Jesuits who are disguised as cabmen and costermongers, are merely recommendations to tax tinned salmon but not American bacon. They have some more terrible purpose than that; at any rate it is hard to believe that they have no purpose but that. Similarly, on the other hand, few have held that Cobden was a Cardinal and a Papal Legate, even in disguise, or that the Cobden Club consisted entirely of foreign priests. It would almost seem as if the English people were capable, after all, of starting some movements without the assistance of foreign priests. It is doubtless a depressing thought to the English patriot that he can to this extent act independently of the Italian priest; but so it would seem to be. Anyhow, if the Italian priest is indeed driving his English flock before him into the polling-booth and the lobby, might we respectfully inquire which polling-booth and which lobby? Even people so drugged and drunken with a fanatical superstition as ourselves must have some glimmmering of what we have to be fanatical for; and even slaves who can only do as they are told may be pardoned some curiosity about what they are told to do.

The truth is, of course, that the Dean, all his nonsense apart, has hit on a particular point about which the facts quite glaringly contradict him. Of the two other great religious groups in England, the Anglican and the Nonconformist, it might be roughly and approximately maintained that they correspond to two political parties. It probably is true that nearly all Nonconformists are Free Traders. If it is not true that all Anglicans are Protectionists, it probably is true that the majority belong to the party more or less favorable to Protection. Many of the ablest and most sincere High Church leaders have indeed been Liberals; as nobody will forget who remembers the great and generous personality of Henry Scott Holland. A few Anglicans are Radicals; a very, very few Dissenters are Tories. But taking the matter in bulk over the whole country, and especially the whole countryside, I fancy it would be found that Church and Chapel largely corresponded to Conservative and Liberal. But of the few Catholics dotted here and there nobody could possibly say that they were Conservative or Liberal. They would have the most varied kind of politics, because they would be the most varied kind of people. Every man who has knocked about the world knows that the real peculiarity of Catholicism is that it may turn up anywhere in the most incongruous social types. We are not surprised if a billiard-marker or a music-hall acrobat is a Catholic, though we might be faintly surprised if he were a Baptist; we are not surprised if a scavenger or a ratcatcher is a Catholic, though we might be if he were a Theosophist. Their political traditions are equally varied as they are traceable to Jacobitism or the English squires or the Irish exiles or to continental travel and culture or to the new distributism founded by Leo XIII. They are emphatically not a political party, even as the Church of England or the Free Churches are political parties. They are the only religious group who are *not* what Dean Inge especially accuses them of being.

I have a difficulty in dealing with the Dean's phrases about foreign priests and the imperialism of the Pope; the same sort of difficulty I should have if he went on in the same strain to denounce the French for their horrible habit of eating frogs or their persistent habit of saying "parly-voo." But there is one suggestion in the same connection of which I should like to say a word, because it concerns one of my own political ideals which he seeks to set in opposition to my religious ideals. He says that every nation now insists on national independence; and that the idea of a single empire of religion is inconsistent with this. Now, as it happens, I do really believe in nationalism, and I supported a good many nations when they were insisting on their independence a long time before they had got it.

I have a somewhat better right to call myself sympathetic with nationalist sentiment than the Dean of St. Paul's, who can only describe Ireland as "a rodent ulcer poisoning the political life of Great Britain" (being turned into an ulcer, of course, exclusively by the ingenuity of the Church) and who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affirms, and apparently complains, that the same Church deprived Poland of the benefits of the benevolence of Bismarck. To write thus both of Ireland and Poland is to have a curious sensibility to the cause of nations struggling to be free. As for the pleasing metaphor of the ulcer, it is possible that many of us might be of so alien a consistency as to poison an ogre who devoured us alive; but it is also possible that we should not put the blame of the poisoning wholly upon ourselves, but partly upon the ogre. It is possible that if the Dean were about to be eaten by a dragon, he might anticipate disagreeing with the dragon, not merely in opinion. Similarly if England had been swallowed up by Prussian Imperialism, and turned into one of the states of Germany, I am happy to believe that England would for a long time afterwards have obstructed the process of digestion, and continued to be, if not an ulcer, at any rate a rodent. I should be very sorry to think that Prussia would have suffered no gnawing pains after such a meal, just as I am exceedingly glad that Prussia died of indigestion after partaking (in the graceful Prussian phrase) of the sacramental body of Poland. It follows that I am in no way surprised that England also, having attempted in the case of Ireland the same brutal stupidity of eating Christian nations alive, found herself suffering from sensations that were rather rodent. Happy is the imperial leviathian that can vomit up its Jonah while both the man and the fish are still alive.

That is our real superiority to Prussia, for in the case of Poland and Prussia the man lived and the monster died. But I only touch on these topics here to show that I am not indifferent to the notion of national independence; possibly not so indifferent as the Dean. But when I say I am a nationalist, what is really involved in nationalism? I take it that the precise difference between Prussianism and nationalism is that Prussianism cares only for Prussia, or the particular nation in question playing the part of Prussia, whereas nationalism cares for nations. Nationalism implies some general ideal of justice about nations. A nation claiming its independence appeals to some implied law of nations, just as a man claiming his rights appeals to some implied idea of the rights of man. Therefore, to have nationalism as I understand nationalism, it is absolutely necessary to have some minimum of moral code common to all the nations. The reason why Prussianism would tend to produce an anarchy of annexation is that there is no common morality in such a world to which anyone can appeal; there is no test or standard by which nations can be secured in their national rights. One patch of Europe may have the Prussian philosophy and claim that a race of supermen can drive mere men like monkeys; another may have the Bolshevist philosophy and believe that a war against property everywhere would deliver proletarians everywhere; another may have the Pacifist philosophy and hold that invasion and injustice should be tolerated everywhere, and so on. There is no common code because there is no common creed. It seems unnecessary to draw the moral.

But perhaps the most extraordinary passage in the article is that in which he declares that Protestantism has found itself; and found itself very "flexible." It would be more accurate to say that Protestantism has found itself out. It is not finding newer and freer ways or saying the same thing; it is saying the opposite thing. Suppose I were to walk into the Dean's house and abuse him for pampering his servants and ruining their characters with laxity and luxury. And suppose, having gone out in a fine frenzy, I were to come back in half an hour and start reviling him for his horrid cruelty in starving them and scourging them with a cat-o'nine tails. Would the Dean admire my flexibility? Would he say, with a congratulatory smile, that I had found myself? Yet that is exactly what we did when we started the Protestant Reformation by complaining of the softness of Mariolatry, and prayers for the dead, only to turn round today complaining of the hardness in any admission of the Fall or the final judgment. The truth is that the real original Protestantism is dead on the day that its friends call it flexible. Its founders called it inflexible. They only valued it because it was inflexible. A thing like the Calvinist cosmic theory could not bend; it could only break; and it has broken. It was known to be stiff; but was found to be brittle.

The truth is that this failure of Protestantism is a fact quite apart from any faith in the truth of Catholicism. Unless I am much mistaken, it will soon be recorded as a fact by historians who are in no possible sense Catholics. A historian does not now need to be a Catholic in order to say that the Popish plot was a mistake, or that the story of the Warming Pan was a mistake. In the same cold and solid and objective sense, I suspect, it will soon be admitted that the whole sixteenth-century movement of disruption was a mistake. It was a mistake even from the merely modern standpoint; for it moved in the very opposite direction from the modern movement. Protestantism was not even moving towards modern humanitarianism; it was moving away from it. It was worse than the Church it supplanted, not merely by the standards of that Church, but by the standards of later things, of the Declaration of Independence or the French Revolution. If the Revolution was an advance, the Reformation was a retrogression. In a word, even from the standpoint of any decently humane heathen, it was not an improved form of Christianity. A scientific secular historian, writing a hundred years hence, will probably no longer pretend that the Reformation gave us an improved form of Christianity, any more than a Whig historian will pretend now that William of Orange saved us from a Warming Pan or a plot to burn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London. The historian need be no more of a Catholic than Gibbon. He may be not only secular, but secularist. But what he will be saying by that time about the sixteenth-century transition will most probably be more or less like this—

"This movement arising in the relatively barbaric north, notably in Germany, and accepted for a time by one or two of the more civilized northern commercial states, was clearly in substance a reaction toward barbarism. It was obviously a revolt of the more savage and sombre parts of Christianity against the more happy and humane parts. It was a revolt of the Old Testament against the New. It was a revolt of Hell against Purgatory. It was the revolt of an almost Moslem masculinity in Knox or Milton against the higher feminism of the cult of the Virgin. It was almost avowedly a revolt of ugliness against beauty; and especially against art. The difference of note can be detected in a thousand things, from the bleak and scornful Poor Laws that blew like an east wind over the ruins of the houses of charity for the poor, to any trifle of terminology like that of the Puritan who only spoke of 'The Lord' with awe, where the Catholic had spoken of 'Our Lord' with affection. Whatever" (the rationalist historian might proceed) "whatever the Christian superstition had gathered of culture and courtesies and the responsibilities of rule and the broad sense of the brotherhood of many nations, these iconoclasts selected for hatred and devoted to destruction. Whatever it had retained of Hebraic tribalism, of pessimistic panic, of sabbaths like savage taboos, of triumphs like savage slave-raids, these reformers dug out of the foundations where they had been hidden and set up in the market-place to be adored. Whatsoever things were tender, whatsoever things were magnanimous, whatsoever things were mellowed by charity as by a sacred doubt, they did their best to desecrate; whatsoever things were repulsive, whatsoever things were disheartening, whatsoever things were crude and cruel, they did their best to exalt; they gathered the wheat into bundles and burned it, and stored the tares up in the barns. Those of us who hold that the Christian superstition will perish, if it be only in favor of other superstitions, must recognize this strange movement as the beginning of the end. For these it will be the thing that stripped the superstition of its artistic raiment and its human flesh and revealed its bones; a grinning and grisly skeleton. For those who believe Christianity to be no superstition, but the religion that remains (and it must be confessed that it still shows every sign of remaining) it may well be enough to say of the survival of that creed that if it survived the sixteenth century it can survive anything; that it must indeed have a strange vitality if it can still be loved or respected by anybody, after so crushing an exposure, or so cruel a parody, as the Protestant Reformation."

That is how a historian of the future might write on the mere facts of history, without believing in Catholicism, without believing in Christianity, without believing in Christ, without believing in God. That is how he very probably will write, when the freethinker need no longer make any pretence of being a Protestant, any more than of being a Monophysite or a Mormon. That is how anybody will be free to write when this particular heresy has taken its place with the hundred heresies of history, and humanitarians have no motive for claiming a sentimental continuity with something so different from themselves.

Anybody wishing to argue rationally about anything will avoid using the word Protestant, except of the period of rigid and real Protestantism, and will naturally refer to all the subsequent schools of thought by names that convey some notion of what they think. We shall call the Dean of St. Paul's a Eugenist, and Evolutionist, a supporter of mechanical birth control, a supporter of capitalism against trade unions and so on, but we shall gain nothing by calling him a Protestant, and he will gain nothing by being one. He is already quite free in the modern world to hold all these more or less anti-Christian sentiments, most of which would have been repudiated quite as much by Protestants as by Catholics. He is free to be a freethinker, or what is called a freethinker; but that sort of free thought does not denounce Rome for Protestant reasons, but for directly anti-Protestant reasons. It does not denounce Rome for neglecting salvation by faith but for recognizing salvation by faith; not for denying that Providence predestines men to perdition, but for admitting that perdition is possible at all. And if anyone says there is a continuous purpose in Protestantism as a protest against Rome, even if the protest contradicts itself every hour, he has brought the most startling and sensational support to the Catholic claim. What conceivable continuous purpose could there be, which was for ever saying yes and no and swearing black was white to injure one solitary institution, unless it were the purpose of the father of lies fighting forever against the truth?

Of Certain Poets

Our words were gathered when the day was young,
Words tasting of white apples, with a hint
Of frosty mornings and the chilly glint
Of eastern light. Our songs were never sung
To swift arpeggios, but to deep chords, wrung
From silence, difficult as walls of flint.
We seek words scentless but for pungent mint
That leaves its cool clean fragrance on the tongue.

Let others pick the rich fruit hanging low,
Ripened and soft, that knows too much of sun,
And drops from branches shaken by a sound.
No words that lie forgotten on the ground
With meanings easily and quickly won
Can satisfy the hunger that we know.

LORETTA ROCHE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS OF CUBA

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

A Friar

Barefooted, in his hood and cloak of brown,
Mounted upon his burro's chubby back,
Begging for pious alms to fill his sack,
The old Franciscan starts at dawn for town.
Behind him sounds the early belfry down
To call to Mass the faithful in his track;
The summons floats afar into the wrack
Of pink and golden clouds, the dawning's crown.

His breviary at his elbow tucked away,
His rosary rattling heavily with his sway,
He reckons that his givers shall not lag;
And hearkens, as he paces down the road,
Between the burro's braying for the load,
The wind that whistles through his empty bag.

JULIÁN DEL CASAL.

Naught But the Admonition

Naught but the admonition
Of being good and true,
And the far road shines in a white tradition
Beneath a sky more blue.

The years that now are over
Sweep our memories away
On time's forgetful breath. . . . O Poet-Lover,
But songs speak thy griefs today!

Lo, the nights are full of dreaming;
In the darkness soft and still
There are wings as of dream-doves gleaming,
There are thoughts day cannot kill.

Have pity on the saddest
Of all thy loves gone by. . .
O Poet . . . pluck thy gladdest
From the rose-vine breathing nigh.

Naught but the admonition
Of being good and true,
And the far road shines in a white tradition
Beneath a sky more blue.

MIGUEL GALLIANO CANCIO.

Prosaismos Tristes

Buildings, great buildings that upset the clouds—
Buildings, the mighty buildings of New York!
Outside as grey as is the mood I bear;
Inside as dark as my true sorrow is.
On high the Elevated roars along
With scattering of clamor and of smoke;
Beneath, the Subway plies with toiling gnomes
Threading the hollows of old Samson's town.
Dollars on every side and stolid girls
Who move without expression swiftly by;
And my dear home so far away forgot;
And patient at her window there, my love.

GUSTAVO SÁNCHEZ GALARRAGA.

My Verse

My verse is as a wave of heaven that goes
With healing o'er the mortal sea of woes.

It is a message full of lofty thought
Amid expiring sorrows bound and caught.

It is a comfort and a hope that spreads
Where evil rules in clouds of woes and dreads.

It is a perfume breathing benison
For bending heads and broken hearts upon.

It is a mighty torch on high installed
With blaze of sapphire, ruby, emerald.

It is the swallow, swan and thrush that sing
With nightingale, the heralds of the spring.

It is the music of the tuneful lyre
That trembles love of loves unto desire.

It is a god of mercies, god of song,
Of passions infinite and joyance long!

ARTURO CLAVIJO TISSEUR.

An Arab Tale

They tell the story in the little town
In Araby, that a poor minstrel strayed
Around the streets as on his lute he played,
And plucked at every heart and bosom brown.
Content to wander, wearing the light crown
Of art to touch and sing the lays he made,
Ballads of love and tales of hope betrayed,
And chants that rang with life and brave renown.

But at the dawning of one wintry morn
They found the minstrel's body stretched forlorn,
His broken lute against his bosom, dead;
The poor folk whispered—" 'Twas the Moorish maid—
Her merchant father this destruction played,
And heaped this ruin on our poet's head."

F. DOMINGO PÉREZ.

Samsara

To live, to love,
To joy, to feel,
To weep, to laugh
And to despair;
Then to repent,
To fall and sin,
To rise again
And then relapse.
Amid your sorrow
To fight with pleasure;
To take your cross,
To experience love—
To grow old—
To die—oh, Light!

LUIS RODRIQUEZ EMBIL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BANCEL LA FARGE, MURAL PAINTER

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

PROMINENT in the exhibition of the work of Bancel La Farge at the Anderson Galleries are the impressive cartoons described in the catalogue as "portions of mosaic decoration executed in the sanctuary of chapel, St. Charles College, Catonsville, Maryland." The foreword of the catalogue emphasizes the fact, that "we are seeing the working of Mr. La Farge's artistic mind toward a completed design to be executed in a different medium, namely, mosaic. It would be as unfair to judge these compositions as complete artistic productions as it would be to judge of the effect of an orchestral symphony from a paraphrase on the piano. We can feel their power, and the lofty imagination of the artist."

The cartoons scarcely need this explanatory reminder; as their dignity, breadth of execution and solemn beauty are quite apparent; and in the enhancement of mosaic they must be to a high degree impressive. The apse contains an heroic-size figure of the Blessed Virgin between kneeling angels; beneath this the inscription—Salve Radix Salve Porta ex qua Mundo Lux est orta. On the sanctuary arch within a circle is depicted the Blessed Trinity, the crucified Christ in the arms of God the Father, with the Dove of the Holy Spirit; the circle supported by heroic figures—a composition of power and deep beauty!

STANDING ANGEL

The seven screen paintings, which make up a notable portion of the exhibition, are fine examples of Mr. La Farge's understanding of certain basic aesthetic principles, combined with a sympathetic and accurate observation of nature in her endless moods.

Dogwoods and Rapids is a delightful example of this accuracy of perception combined with what the Chaucerians called "glamorie"—the spirit of elusive beauty. The deep gold ground with the two waterfalls in airy perspective, the high light on the swirls of the rapids and the delicate dogwood blossoms against the gold produce a happy harmony of color. Falling Maple Leaves—an idyl of autumn in flame, and delicate turquoise tints, with its brilliant trees in amber October haze is equally beautiful, while Willow and River exhibits a highly poetical treatment of a wintry scene—the new moon above ice-edged blue waters; and drooping willow branches seen against a mottled sky.

In The Salmon Pool, a four-leaf screen, the fish leaping above dark rushing water, witness in their careful drawing to the accurate eye of the sportsman, as well as to the delight of the artist, in their brilliant color; and the trout paintings in gouache are equally fine. In Parmachene Belle and Queen of the Waters, the two shining fish, one running with the line, are executed with great vigor.

The decorative panels and overmantels, as well as the screens, exhibit a most felicitous and subtle sense of color—only to be expected in a son of John La Farge. The enchanting decoration, entitled The Rain, is reproduced on the cover of the catalogue, but black and white can scarcely convey its charm—a spring idyl, surcharged with apple-blossom sweetness and thunderous vernal light, the diffused saffron glow that edges the storm cloud. The graceful female figure in the foreground in her yellowish draperies and veil swirling in the storm wind might be Spring herself as she stands in the silver-pointed rain among her amorini. Back of her opens a landscape full of the spirit of romance; a kind of fairy sophistication to which the mingling lights add their enhancements.

Mr. La Farge is also represented in the exhibition by mural paintings now at the Brooklyn Museum, by two cartoons for a mosaic decoration in the chapel of St. Charles College, Catonsville, Maryland, and by photographs of wall paintings in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence, Rhode Island.

This exhibition which opened on February 5, and will continue until March, is the first ever held by the National Society of Mural Painters, and its importance to artists and students, as well as to the general public, can scarcely be over-estimated. In the United States the art of mural decoration, so conditioned, yet allowing of endless variation, is only beginning to enter into its own.

In viewing the collection of cartoons and finished paintings, most of them designed to fill a particular space in a certain building, the relativity of this delightful art must be kept in mind; and by an effort of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the imagination these isolated drawings and sectional decorations must be fitted into the arch, panel or frieze for which they were intended.

Maurice Denis's "four cartoons for glass in Curé d'Ars at St. Marguerite," as the catalogue describes them, are among the outstanding offerings of the exhibition; and of these his Nativity is remarkable not only for its adaptation in line and grouping to the needs of leaded glass—but for its symbolism and deep spiritual feeling which create a vision of the Crib, as some early Florentine painter might have beheld it; even to the lovely and significant feature of the little lamb curled up asleep in the Savior's manger around which kneel St. Joseph, the shepherds, musicians, and two children in First Communion garb. In The Crucifixion the world is supine beneath the Savior; the angels in longitudinal swift-flying groups bring consolation. Mary, alone stands—close to the Divine Figure. This cartoon with the Last Supper has two side panels containing, one the Curé d'Ars, the other St. Margaret Mary Alacoque.

Madonna

Very different in feeling, but equally devotional in a grave and simple manner are Albert Besnard's eight cartoons for the chapel at Berk; noble in drawing and exhibiting profound devotion to the Crucified Savior, who here appears in the market-place, in the death chamber, in the hospital among the simple French folk; and to the figure of Christ, benign and compassionate, the peasant lifts his new-born child.

Catholic religious art, though neglected in France in the seventeenth century, has its brilliant modern exponents; and this revival of religious expression is extending to these shores. The outlook for the future is bright, if American artists can sufficiently enter into the spirit of the Catholic tradition. Gardner Hale's cartoons of the birth, life and death of St. Julian for a fresco executed in the Villa Razzolini, Florence, while showing the effect of the post-impressionists, in his starkness of line and rejection of accessories, still hold a calm, primitive beauty of their own. And their violets and ashen greys convey a spiritual message; as of suffering and release into the mystical tonalities of the unseen world.

Here, too, is Carl Schmitt's Nativity, all flame and blue—pure decoration on a single plane, the figures of the worshippers centering about the tiny baby head of the Savior. Carl Lella's very beautiful Adam and Eve is noticeable for its depth and richness of color, conveyed in the blue peacock, and in the reddish flesh of Adam and in the strong and vital hues of the mysterious Tree.

Of a less obvious symbolism and of a quiet and significant beauty, is Lichtenauer's Vision of Truth, with a suggestion of El Greco in the elongated figures. And the passage from this painting to the Arabian Nights world of Duncan Smith is from the imaginative realm of ideas to brilliant color for its own sake. The Enchanted Tower with its pink mountains, turquoise-shadowed lake, its dragons and horsemen and fantastic rocks is reminiscent of the imaginary landscapes of the old masters; with the added element of the fairy tale.

The Spanish painter, Hermengildo Anglada y Camarasa, has a small room to himself; and his gorgeous Campesinos de Gaudia, reproduced in the catalogue of the mural paintings, on a dull February day, surely makes glad the heart with its crimsons and emeralds, and glitter and haze of gold and rose and triumphant blues; as if Spain herself had entered some elysium of her gayest memories.

Puvis de Chavannes's noble cartoons for the dome of the Pantheon should be studied by all aspiring young artists in this difficult field; where the non-essential

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the trivial cannot obtrude; and where the scale of human feeling and endeavor becomes large and impersonal. The great French master in these cartoons shows his well-known characteristics—the almost abstract simplicity of line, the profoundly human traits and gestures—suggestive, indeed, more of an older and calmer humanity than ours; the sensation his figures convey of peace, resembling the peace of sculpture; and the beautiful composition which is always his, organic and inevitable.

Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield, the Honorary President of the National Society of Mural Painters, is represented by his fine studies for pendentives to the central dome in the courthouse at Youngstown, Ohio; by six studies for the public library, Detroit; and two for the senate chamber of the state capitol of Minnesota, and many other studies and sketches, all showing his vigorous and noble handling of such themes and his essentially American spirit—broad, free from hampering subtleties and, in the best meaning of the word, popular. He is a pioneer in this field in the United States, and every American owes him a debt of gratitude for his public-spirited service of art.

The elder La Farge's figures of Adoration are here with the Angel of the Sun, the property of the Brooklyn Museum; designed for the Paulist Church many years ago. Side by side with the frescoes and cartoons of religious art are Arthur Covey's splendid designs for decorations in the offices of the Kohler Company, Kohler, Wisconsin; Tapping a Cupola and Pouring a Mold, epics in brilliant color and composition, on the great theme of American labor. This is as it should be—for until art lightens the burdens of labor, and labor supports art and keeps unobscured art's guiding star, religion, our sky-scrapers will be built in vain; and in vain our furnaces will redden the skies.

The Mural Exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum is a great aesthetic achievement, but in its significance for the art ideals of the future it is much more than this; pointing the way, indeed, to that new era when the artist and the man of affairs will again be as closely and as vitally united in their common interests as they were in the days when a da Vinci did not think it beneath his genius to plan for municipal welfare; and Cellini graced daily life with his incomparable salt-cellars!

AVEDUKE AND AMES

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

STANDING in the middle of the room, where the shadows flung by the bronze desk-lamp were duller than cigarette ashes, he looked approvingly at the bust of Gautier that drowsed on the mantelpiece. Next he blinked at a volume of his own poems, bound in green levant by Carré, which gleamed like a familiar window among the books in the corner. Yes—there was absolutely no doubt of it—he'd just finished the best thing he had ever done. Possibly a masterpiece. It had the charm of aged distances, the sharp carmine of romance as once romance had been. He, George Aveduke, had written.

He went over the table and fingered the manuscript lovingly. It was the choicest fruit of a long and solitary imaginative voyage. Or perhaps it was the shining centre of his dreaming in the land of Oriental saga and despair.

The page to which he turned read like this—

"Then in that winter when the fathers of the people rode homeward from their long wars against the Kishnu, it seemed to their Prince that his bride was everywhere, everywhere, calling. Her voice was in the lisp of fluttering small grey birds that skimmed the mauve grass of the plain. It was on the wind that stalked ruthless over the heads of giant firs. And the silent snowflakes that stirred out of heaven were tender with her silence. 'Inger, Inger, my beloved!' all things seemed to say, until the Prince was half dead with hunger for the beauty of her face.

"But the snowflakes fell more and more thickly over the mauve grass, the dark trails, the firs. Day was twilight because of them, and the twilight wore ermine. Against the pulsing mass of whiteness the horsemen shrouded their faces, longed for home, and trusted their beasts whose eyes were rimmed with grisly ice. Even the clank of swords in the battered iron sheathes was dulled by the tumbling storm.

"All the while the Prince was on fire with the endless echo of his lady's call. Now he spurred his horse on, till the haunches of the bewildered steed were sprinkled with gems of ruby ice. Then again he lagged behind, raising himself in the stirrups to listen anxiously. And through the muffled music of the snow there came the eternal summons of love.

"That night the horsemen huddled themselves together for sleep. A few knapsacks were consumed in a hurried, fitful blaze that stared into the dusky whiteness of the world as a passionate heart might listen to the wheels of life. A hundred knotty hands, and half as many cramped faces, clutched at the warmth. One of the horses neighed. But all the while the Prince stood apart, with his back to the glow, and searched the infinite grey night.

When in the morning the fathers of the people rose from their sleep, the great plain was white. They themselves shook off fluffy bundles, like polar fur, when they got on their feet and staggered against the fierceness of the burning cold. But the Prince did

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not arise, and when at last they found him, the sight was too much for their eyes.

"For there—he in his dress of battle, she in a bright and silvery court gown, with sandals of gold—lay the Prince and his beloved, dead, in each others' arms."

Aveduke dropped the manuscript and thrust his hands into his pockets with a feeling of exquisite satisfaction. This was finis and time to make merry. But, because there was nothing better worth doing in his present circumstances, he drank a glass of sherry, dressed carefully, and started off to the Marmain Club. That, of course, had little enough in common with poetry. Indeed Aveduke's reflections upon the club were never minus a slight shudder. It belonged utterly to the American age of Victoria. The chairs were black leather. There was steam heat. And the talk was mostly about good old Marmain and the games she had won, or about the market, the merchant marine, the income tax. Poetry? Not on your life. Not at the Marmain!

"Brick, brick, and then brick!" Aveduke grumbled to himself as he rounded the block and crossed the street. In this city, the whole universe had been baked into one solid brick. All else was sternly trampled upon for the sake of the morose respectability that created money. Brick was the modern pavement of heaven, Aveduke decided.

"Good evening, good evening. How are you!" he replied a little stiffly to the half-dozen voices which greeted him from under the Marmain seal embossed hugely on a great untanned skin.

"Want to sit in on a game, George?"

"Not tonight, thank you. I've—"

Then Ames, who had simply been courteous, waved an indulgent hand. If there was anybody on earth Aveduke despised, it was Ames. They had known each other at good old Marmain. They had been acquaintances ever since, by the law of association. Of course, Ames, from his thin sandy hair to his wilted oxfords, was everything a poet might logically despise. He had scrambled up from poverty into a law office that was always out at the heels. He had hung on crooked when he couldn't hang on straight. Nothing in the way of gossip or personal statistics escaped him. Ames could presume to tell you instantly how much Grimes and Grimes were worth, he could explain in detail why Mrs. Tarkington had flirted with the broker; but he could not, under any circumstances, understand that there was such a thing as romance. That there had been, rather.

Aveduke settled back into a chair. It struck him as odd that none of these fellows realized what a manuscript he had in his rooms. It was even more odd that none of them would have budged more than a foot if he had realized.

"Heard a funny one today," Ames was saying. "In fact, it's about the funniest one I ever heard. You actually wouldn't believe such things were pulled in our time. But I guess the world is always more old-fashioned than folks realize. Anyway—"

"Two spades," growled the man across the table from Ames. Then he stopped a yawn with his right hand.

"Remember old Judge Winthrop who used to give the boys at Marmain about twice as much law as they'll ever know?" Ames asked quietly. "Everybody remembers the Judge, of course!"

In spite of himself Aveduke leaned forward from the leather chair. The mere name of the Judge called up memories of a benevolent, gracious old man with a white goatee and beautiful soft grey eyes. Too beautiful and soft for this world. They saw the legal profession as something which the legal profession never is.

"Well, you know he used to live in the little grey house down at the end of Lincoln Street. Darned if I don't believe he picked out that street because of its name. Honest and all that sort of thing. It was a plain little place with an apple tree scratching up against the eaves, and green shutters. Wasn't worth more than a few thousand at the most. Anyhow, here's the point. The Judge's wife—he used to think Martha Washington had nothing on her, I guess—got a rosebush from a friend in England. Some sort of a blue-blooded rosebush, you know."

"By me," growled the man to the left of Ames at his cards. But everybody was listening rather closely to the story. Judge Winthrop—they had all thought a lot of the old Judge.

"That rosebush wouldn't bloom. Summer and winter passed over its head without coaxing as much as a bud out among its aristocratic thorns. Then came the fall when the Judge passed away. Well, darned if one lonely rose didn't begin to show up on that bush while he was down on his back. It grew bigger and bigger, but the Judge kept on sinking. And then, the day of his funeral, that rose went with him in his coffin. It must have been waiting for him, that rose must have been . . ."

The game of bridge had come to a halt. Aveduke forgot the qualities of Ames, forgot everything else, as he listened.

"Well," the lawyer continued, "six years went by after that, and not another sign of a flower ever appeared on that bush. Naturally they had expected that once it had started blooming it would keep right on. They were disappointed. That rose must have known what it was up to. Last September, *Mrs.* Winthrop began to fail and it wasn't many days before she kept to her bed. What do you suppose happened then? Another bud! Yes, sir, a second rose peeped out and ripened on that bush; and when time came to tuck the old lady away in her coffin, there was a flower to keep her company. And that's a fact, gentlemen!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ames went on to say that the rosebush had since died at the roots. There would be no more flowers. Who had imagined there could be? Aveduke wondered. The faces of the four men who hedged in the table were meditative. Memories came back to them as spring mornings do—memories of the old Judge and his vision of a law far removed from the petty bickerings of a hard-fisted practice; of days when it had seemed that life outside of Marmain College would be a kind of crusade; of a hundred boyish purposes—rose-like, too—which had long since turned yellow and died.

But Ames allotted them very little time to reflect or grow sentimental. "Some folks say all the beauty's gone out of life," he declared. "They can't find a thing in the twentieth century that touches their hearts. But those two roses . . . seems to me they stand for the Judge's life. And for his love. Darn it, I never heard of anything to beat that one! Never! Did you?"

After a while Aveduke got up, came out into the street, and looked around. A taxi whined on its brakes. Two very fat women in furs were coming out through the swinging doors of the Philadelphia confectionery shop. But Aveduke was blind to these things, to many other things. He kept repeating over and over to himself in a kind of stagy whisper—"By George!"

THE PRINCIPLE OF BOLSHEVISM

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

QUITE recently, several members of the Society of Friends have returned from Russia. They are thinking people, solidly educated, as one expects graduates of the Friends schools to be, people engaged in a great work of Christian charity. All are emphatic in their opinions concerning the Soviets. They are about equally divided for or against the present regime.

The case is typical. Aside from the fact that astute agents of the Moscow government are well aware of the propaganda value of favorable impressions upon members of charitable organizations working in Russia, there are many reasons why it is scarcely possible for English speaking foreigners, and in particular for Americans to attain to any satisfactory measure of direct, illuminating communication with the people among whom they are working. In consequence Americans are very likely to lose sight of the essentials. The very argument about the merits or demerits of the Soviets is a case in point. In debate or conversation the word Soviet almost invariably needs redefinition. It has nothing to do with communism or Bolshevism in spite of the inevitable connotation. It means simply council.

A Soviet government means a government by councils out of the body of which executive offices, chairmen and others are chosen. It is a perfectly feasible form of government, and democratic; its great defect being that it lends itself too easily to minority domination, against which, as yet, no safe-guard has been found—or sought.

The village Soviet or council is an ancient institution in Russia, not unlike the Town Council of New England or the English County Council; perhaps a survival of the Scandinavian Folksthing—a memory of the Ruriks.

With the abdication of the Emperor and mass desertions from the front came for a time complete paralysis of governmental function. All transportation and communication were disorganized. Terror, lack of precedent (the bugbear of bureaucracy) sabotage of Imperial officials against new masters, all combined to wreck the too highly centralized machine of government.

The villages, forced by marauding soldiers, by danger of shortage of necessities to protective action, put powers into the hands of the village council, made alliances with other villages and sent delegates to county councils; these in turn were represented in state or provincial councils, ending in a body of delegates several hundreds strong, sitting at Petrograd concurrently with the Provisional government. The machinery of the Peoples' Coöperative Societies, so highly developed in Russia, offered an immediate pattern of organization.

The Central Soviet at Petrograd was recognized by no one as an official body, was resented and abused by natives and by foreign observers of the Revolution. But it held in fact the balance of power. In the July Revolution when Lenin and Trotzky first attempted to overthrow the Provisional government by force, it was the Central Soviet, with the Petrograd reserve garrison, that stopped them. These two superpoliticians at once set to work to control the Soviet. Their agents spread through every village; they permeated town and provincial councils and were returned in majority to the Central Soviet, reenforced by their special Red Guard of armed mill hands from the Petrograd factories.

Then Lenin and Trotzky struck again, successfully, with the apparent backing of the people since they controlled the only popular representation.

Probably no one in America knew very much about Soviets until, controlled by a Bolshevist minority, they initiated the Red Terror. Americans who came later, and who associated Soviets with the bloody ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

termination of all opponents of Lenin's and Trotzky's party may well have been agreeably surprised to find those officials with whom they established contact in Russia to be highly intelligent, polished and courteous men and women, and quite naturally set themselves to disabuse the minds of those at home of prejudice against the Soviets.

Groups of necessarily superficial observers will denounce the Soviets; other groups, equally superficial, will defend the Soviets as a truly representative and democratic institution—both groups completely lost to the fact that it is not the Soviets as such, that matter in the least, but only the real principles of those who control them. Those real principles matter very greatly.

One reads fairly frequently that "Soviet Russia abandons more of Red principles," the inference being that "Soviet" Russia is becoming less "Red" and more "conservative." To form an opinion which even faintly approaches accuracy one should be sure that it is a "principle" that is being abandoned and not merely a "method." The party still in control of Russia has quite definite principles and is amazingly open-minded as to methods which change with circumstances.

Chief and foremost and fundamental is the principle of warfare against God—not against Religion, "the opiate of the people"—that is secondary; but definitely against God—recognition and defiance—war. This is not the statement of a "reactionary," a "clerical," an enemy of communist rule. It is a definite first principle laid down in public speeches and writings of Bolshevist leaders, an axiom of Bolshevist public schools. This campaign is not directed primarily against the Greek Orthodox Church, the Catholic Church, nor against any Church in particular or against Religion in general; it is not Voltaire's "Ecrasez l'Infame"—it is an act of profound faith in the existence of God and a declaration of war against Him. This keynote of the general policy of the actual rulers of Russia is seemingly overlooked by everybody outside of Russia but the Pope and the Orthodox Jews. Attacks on particular churches are viewed with something of complacency by those outside of the particular communion under fire. Most of us understand more nearly and stress more specially the secondary principle of war on property, on capitalism, which in Bolshevist minds approaches the border line between principle and method. I mean that Bolshevist leaders might for a time relax warfare on capital—never the war on God.

This point of capital—which embraces the whole of modern society—is of course, debatable. It is true that no government is wholly satisfactory, and that every government is top heavy, unwieldly, over complicated and far too costly for what it gives. Everyone who has to do with production and distribution, who does not work unthinkingly, automatically, is conscious in varying degree of the positive evils of the system upon which our civilization pivots. That there is violent discrepancy between our way of living and Christ's teaching, no one can or wishes to deny. Any attempt to approach a solution of these vast problems enlists the immediate attention and potential sympathy of enormous numbers of men and women who suffer under the system. From this point of view one can understand the hope that after all Russia may have discovered some approach to solution, in the successful accomplishment of which mankind may be willing to forget the blood and horror which accompanies what Maxim Gorky has called "a surgical operation, without anesthetics, upon the living body of Russia." But blindness is ever the close accompaniment of hope. Warfare upon God is a serious matter for all believers in God.

One may not, drawing deductions from the French Revolution, safely look upon this fundamental principle as a passing phase. One may not judge the Russian case by comparison with apparently similar great movements in widely differing peoples.

The Slav is not the Frenchman; the Slav strongly mixed with Mongol, still less. The product, moulded by keen Semitic intellects in universal revolt, is perhaps unfathomable by the western mind. Not even the best of Russian writers have ever been able to interpret their people fully and satisfactorily to the west, and Russia today is a new thing even to Russians. They understand it as little as anyone else.

It is not inconceivable that Slavic Russia, eventually awakened and dominant, might sweep away this fundamental principle of Bolshevism on a wave of religious regeneration. Even then the problem is not fully solved.

A Bolshevist Asia and Africa will be a more formidable problem than Mohammedanism—more terrifying than a Bolshevist Russia.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Vincent McNabb is an eminent Dominican scholar and author of The Wayside, and A Priest's Gleanings.

Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Tynan Hinkson) is the author of many books in prose and verse, which include Ballads and Lyrics, The Luck of the Fairfaxes, and The West Wind.

Charles G. Fenwick is an authority on political science and author of The Neutrality Laws of the United States, and Principles of International Law.

G. K. Chesterton, well-known English author has written, among other things, Heretics, Orthodoxy and The Ball and the Cross.

Loretta Roche is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

Anna McClure Sholl, poet and art-critic, is the author of The Law of Life, and Fairy Tales of Weir.

George N. Shuster, formerly of the English Department of Notre Dame University, is the author of The Catholic Spirit in English Literature.

Marie Luhrs is a contributor of poetry to current American periodicals.

William Franklin Sands, formerly United States Minister to Guatemala, is a writer on diplomatic and governmental questions.

Frederick Taber Cooper, a writer of critical essays, was formerly literary editor of The Bookman, The Forum and The Commercial Advertiser.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A COMMUNICATION

SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS VS. PELAGIANISM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I am very grateful to the Rev. J. August Rath, who sent you a letter about my articles published in the November 26 and January 28 issues of The Commonweal. Previously I had received many letters from priests and scientists, warmly encouraging me in my efforts to show how great are the possibilities of man ("misère et grandeur de l'Homme," Pascal asserts) with the power of God's grace within us, at last registered in the scientific field, and the practical services of this "young psychology," as "a link between science and religion." "We are glad," they write, "that the disgust felt by sound-minded people for ungrounded materialistic pronouncements and the sexual obsession of Freud and Jung, is now plainly voiced." They also stimulate my zeal to unearth the old heresies of immanency and pantheism, the background of the recent anti-Christian upheaval. I welcome advice and criticism as an incentive to progress, yet I am a little disappointed because the Rev. J. August Rath has not really criticized what I have written, but has merely repudiated that which I combat. Instead of apologizing, I feel agreeably compelled to thank him, for he is merely fighting with added argument the antique and obsolete absurdities of Pelagius, which I detest and scorn as much as he does. May I be permitted to paraphrase Ozanam—"If I have the good fortune of being a Christian, I have not the honor of being a theologian." I am merely a litterateur and psychologist. Still, in my eyes, theology, so much neglected nowadays, remains the highest speculation of the mind. Unworthy but faithful disciple of Bossuet, Gratry, and Cardinal Newman, I respectfully entreat the Rev. J. August Rath, to believe that I am not unfamiliar with his quotations. I study my Aquinas and Thomassin, as authors that impart strength to the brain and sharpness to the understanding. Hence, I arrive at the "epistemology" of the superconscious, which Father Gratry has called "the sense of the divine" in his admirable De la Connaissance de l'Ame. It is the channel of grace, but by no means the grace of God. With deference I leave the theologians the care and duty of teaching us the marvels of grace itself. It is enough for me, as a psychologist, to try to discover, without any presumptuous dogmatism and with a deep feeling of my limitations, how grace works, humanly speaking, through the channels of the superconscious, in the saint, in the elect, and in the great man.

This sums up my task, a big one, in which I ask the help of all who have competence; if the Rev. J. August Rath is good enough to aid me, he will be welcome. In the spirit of coöperation we may be useful to the community.

To return to Pelagianism I hasten to reassert that I stand as a vigorous opponent to that heresy; for it has been many years since I discovered that Pelagius, today a bleak old moon, was, with Manichaeus, the dark sun, a precursor of several contemporaneous errors, which may be classed as neo-paganism.

If I remember, Pelagianism has been defined as "the error denying original sin, and leading to the possibility of attaining perfection in this life by the power of free will, and without the assistance of divine grace." How detestable is the sham perfection of the proud! The sun has not yet risen on a wise man who has not committed mistakes nor on a good Christian who is not a sinner. On this subject we may find enlightenment in De Civitate Dei in the chapter on St. John's text, "if we say we have no sin," etc.

Every attentive and impartial reader, perusing my articles here and elsewhere, will admit that I lay stress on original sin in my psychology, and on our falterings and faults after baptism. My analysis of the subconscious shows, without possible denial, that we are born sinners, and that our sins are registered in the depths of our being. This, of course, I assert, in a psychological and not theological mode, but I believe it, as a Christian and a psychologist as well. There are also gifts, talents and endowments, innate within us; and life unfolds them; which does not mean that even in these mere human achievements, we do not need the grace of God. Nothing good can be manifested without God's permission and help. This is the A. B. C. of Christian doctrine.

I do not believe in "superconscious sufficiency;" on the contrary, I *do* believe (and have constantly professed and worded this belief) in the insufficiency of the superconscious, when it is not quickened by the Spirit—"the Light which lighteth every man coming into the world." To make out my case, some quotations from the two articles in question are needed:

I. Pelagius pretends that our perfection depends upon our free will, and so grace is unnecessary. Against this I have written—"When reduced to ourselves, we falter on the path of existence . . ." "For our growth, of course, power of will is also requisite, and not only our will power, *but the divine grace.*" "There is neither creative art nor virtue, courage nor love, without contact with that spark illuminating what is most obscure."

II. My critic speaks of the "superconscious sufficiency." The preceding extracts deny it, and the following strengthen my viewpoint, showing the superconscious not as a cause, but merely as an instrument:

"Our higher self builds *a bridge* between the Infinite and our everyday personality." "A power imparted by God to man . . . working and waiting for the training, taming, reëducating of the human, too human, by our divine self ["divine" taken, as I have explained previously in the same article, as a "literary magnification or a poetical mode"] we need painful shocks from the outer world so that *the magnificent expected One* may enter in." "The shorter *way* to Him is the best of our native constitution which I call the higher self—'the sense of the Divine.'" The above quotations have sufficiently demonstrated that I deny "the stoic principle of the unlimited energy of nature and man."

III. Finally, in order to give a supreme example of the instrumentality of the superconscious, as a transmitter of the really Divine Afflatus, I chose the classic scene, related in Augustine's Confessions, where he enjoys with his saintly mother "the Beatific Vision." Following this splendid narrative, I noted—"Silenced, too, the poles; yea, their very soul, step by step, grew also silenced to itself . . . and then, was formulated in their own spirit, *the voice of uncreated wisdom, coming from the Beyond,* but passing through the within, and using *the created wisdom* as her silent magna-vox."

Impossible, I think, to separate more accurately the action of the quickening Word from the receptivity of its creatures; the limitations of nature and man even in saints from the sole limitless power, the power of God.

JULES BOIS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Beyond

THE latest of the Provincetown plays, Walter Hasenclever's Beyond, is one of those bold and beautiful experiments that of itself sums up the entire mission of the little theatre movement—the production of plays that have today only a limited appeal but which may in time shape the whole course of the American stage. Beyond is a brave effort, bound to be misunderstood, but containing an inner meaning and force that give it great eminence.

This play (or rather, dramatic allegory) has only two characters, although the unseen presence of a third plays, like the ghost in Hamlet, a dominant part. Still a fourth influence is an unborn child. There are in all twenty-two scenes, melting one into the other in a sort of majestic cadence. The production of this unusual play has caused an unprecedented stir among New York's dramatic critics. Discussion has ranged from abusive ridicule to an avowal that the play is a racking experience.

The truth seems to be that Beyond touches upon a most vital human experience—the struggle of man to free himself from material bonds and to attain a moral rebirth. This story, older than the written word itself, has been told in every age of the world. It is embedded in one form or another in the folk lore of every people—in a St. George fighting the dragon, in a Ulysses killing a Circe, in countless heroes doing battle with the beasts who guard secret treasures. In these stories, the conflicting forces within one's soul are given an outward shape. In its truest spiritual form, and often without these outward symbols, the story is also told in the battles of great saints to slay the demons of pride or of sensuality in themselves.

It is not surprising that anything so universal in human nature, and so near to the core of the problem of life, should stir audiences beyond the usual plays of the drawing room or the countryside. For Beyond allows no compromise. It lays down the immortal truth that only through the killing of one's lower and earth-bound self can one attain a higher and freer moral life. In it the man and the woman represent the two sides of human nature, one the soul struggling for freedom from sensual bonds, the other all the beauty and allure of the things of mother earth. By a splendid insight, the dramatist has also made clear that the struggle is only against the inordinate love of self and of material pleasures—not against the free and tempered and creative love which ennobles all that it touches.

In other words, Beyond is a play with so imperative a conclusion that the man utterly wrapped up in material pleasures and pursuits would instinctively resent or ridicule it in self-defense. It summons him to the sacrifice of the very things he loves above all else. In the same way, and probably with greater vehemence, he would resent that passage in the writings of Thomas à Kempis which says—"But because few labor to be perfectly dead to themselves, or fully to go forth from themselves, therefore in themselves they remain entangled, nor can be lifted up in spirit above themselves."

Of course the inspiration of Beyond is drawn more from the classics of Greece and Rome than from the thought or traditions of Christendom. Its spirituality is purely that of the primitive natural religions. Although its characters happen to be modern, it has really no more in common with the spiritual thought and symbolism of the world since Christ than the trilogy of Wagner or the pre-Christian writings of Homer or Euripides. But, just as Wagner was forced by his own nature to pass from the paganism of the Ring to the Christian background of Parsifal, one feels in the sincerity and depth of understanding of Hasenclever's play a force that will lead to the same end. He has taken the great soul drama of all times and re-told it in outward forms of our own day with beauty and with power. There is to it that tragedy of incompleteness which one feels in Dante's figure of Virgil, but there is also that sure instinct for spiritual truth which made Dante pick Virgil as the highest type of unaided human reason. Incidentally, it is an interesting reflection of the thought trend of younger Germany today that one of its outstanding playwrights, in endeavoring to convey a great human truth, should select modern terms for its outward setting and at the same time fail to recognize and honor the great spiritual force upon which all that is most beautiful and constructive in modern civilization rests.

Like the story itself, the stage settings for the play, by Robert Edmund Jones, are cut to bold and bare essentials. But they gain vastly in beauty from that very simplicity. The truly terrific burden falls on the two actors. Miss Helen Gahagan has achieved a dramatic masterpiece. She draws the innermost meaning from every line, not only by the perfect flow and rhythm of her diction, but also by her exquisite pantomime, her splendid repose and grace of gesture and her ardent sincerity. Walter Abel as the man has some fine moments of emotional outburst, but is not thoroughly in his part. At times he speaks his lines as if they were in an unfamiliar foreign language. The rôle demands the temperament of a John Barrymore. Mr. William Irwin's incidental music, floating from space like some mysterious cosmic strain, is a notable contribution. Some will understand this play, some, hardly knowing why, will be deeply stirred by it and some will resent and mock at it. It will leave no one indifferent.

So Clean Is Pigs!

ONE drifts sadly to the conclusion that there are two kinds of cleanliness—that kind which is next to godliness, and that which shines with nothing much brighter than plentiful soap. When I say that Pigs partakes of the latter cleanliness, it is with no intention of disparaging a thoroughly amusing play, but only to establish a point about which there seems to be a growing confusion in the minds of managers. A play may deal with stark and even repellant realities, and still, in its treatment of them show the divine cleanliness of understanding, charity and justice—such a play of power and insight as, for example, They Knew What They Wanted. Another play, dealing with the same realities may never pass beyond those realities, and in that case promptly sinks in a quagmire of filth and muddled thinking. Mr. Gropper's Ladies of the Evening is a typical instance of this. Nothing has contributed more to the misunderstanding of real cleanliness than the overpraise of Pollyanaism—and since Pigs is a lineal descendent of Pollyanna, I am loth to praise its type of cleanliness without showing how far it falls short of the drama, the power or even the stirring comedy inherent in the nobler

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aspects of cleanliness. It would be a sad day for the stage if only the Pigs were admitted to the school of the clean.

Pigs has the slenderest of plots and manages to make a great deal of it without casting light on any novel aspects of rural life. Briefly, Thomas Atkins, Jr., rescues the financial fortunes of Thomas Atkins, Sr., by investing $250.00 in 250 pigs supposed to be infected by cholera. Of course, they are cured and sold for a vast profit and the Atkins forgive "junior" for marrying one managerial little lady known as Mildred Cushing. The superlatively good acting of Wallace Ford as "junior" and of Nydia Westman as Mildred give plausibility and delight to this sentimental cobweb. The characterization is good throughout. It is the type of play you can see not more than two or three times a season and thoroughly enjoy.

Those Little Theatres

THE influence of the "Little Theatre" on the American Commercial stage is waxing daily. The humorous and interesting point is that an astonishing number of these experiments show such vitality that after a few weeks in crowded quarters they must be moved to larger theatres. It seems to be a fact, however, that the groups behind most of these playhouses have a most nebulous standard by which to select plays. The all-embracing slogan, "art for art's sake" (which means precisely nothing at all) is the mist which they throw about a chaos of ideas ranging from pantheism to atheism and from groping spirituality to the grossest forms of unleashed passion. Which leads to this definite question—why is there not room and need for another little theatre group, as keenly on the scent of the beautiful, the forceful and the dramatic as any of the present groups, but inspired by a definite standard of artistic ethics—specifically a Christian group that understands the pagan beauty of a Homer or Virgil, but aspires all the more toward the glory of a Dante? The whole American stage would benefit from the starting of this new current.

When Choosing Your Plays

Pigs—Reviewed above.
Patience—A splendid revival of Gilbert and Sullivan.
Old English—A fine portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss, with false sentiment dangerously obscuring the real moral.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Chauve Souris—Not as good as the previous edition.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
Candida—Splendid acting of a play in which Bernard Shaw exhibits his unsound philosophy and his sound instincts.
Othello—A splendid production with Walter Hampden.
Peter Pan—Marilyn Miller and Broadway mixed up in Barrie's play.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
The Little Clay Cart—An ancient Hindu play with morals not easily understood today, but cleanly and charmingly presented.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great, play, which tries to be pacifist, but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.

BOOKS

The McNair Lectures, delivered at the University of North Carolina; by Charles Allen Dinsmore. London: Humphrey Milford. $1.50.

FAR too many people today, whether scientific men or not, have been misled as to the relative bases of science and religion, believing that whilst the former is a matter of facts, the latter is based purely on sentiments. To protest against this attitude is the purpose of the book under review.

"What I wish to claim is this: science does not have knowledge, and religion simply faith. The lover, the artist, the musician know, so does the saint. Religion has always used the word 'knowledge' freely and always will, because no lesser term expresses her experiences."

In this contention we are entirely with him. Science and religion work on absolutely identical lines. Both must start with an Act of Faith; the same Act of Faith. Not as too many suppose in the latter case with an act of faith in the existence of God. That, as the Vatican Council has defined can be arrived at by the exercise of reason. The act of faith which both must make is in the existence of a real world; of man's power to arrive at just conclusions; of the reality and value of memory. All these things both must accept before they commence their operations, for without them everything is chaos. Then further; the man of science collects his facts; segregates them into appropriate classes; endeavors to show those connections between them which he terms "laws of nature;" finally, if he can, makes application of them to the affairs of daily life. So does the religious man. But, it will be urged, when you talk of the collection of facts you are talking of two different kinds of things. The facts which the man of science has to deal with are subject to repeated verification. If any doubt is felt as to his experiments or observations he can repeat them and demonstrate the truth of the bases on which he is building. But the historian, and of course, it is the facts of history with which the other worker has to deal, cannot repeat his basal facts, which, therefore, stand on a different footing. Doubtless that is true, but is that footing any less secure? No one will deny that there have been myths such as that of William Tell and of Alfred and the cakes. But no reasonable person will deny that there are many facts of a historical character, such for example as the existence of Julius Caesar, which are at least as certain, though unverifiable by experiment, as any of the facts of science. Of course, it is easy to apply a shallow destructive criticism on à priori grounds to these or to many of them but Whateley, once for all, showed in his Doubts as to Buonaparte how easy it is to employ this method and how exceeding fallacious its findings are. Such, it seems to us is the way in which the relations of religion to knowledge may fairly be put, but such is not the way in which the writer of the book with which we are dealing believes that the knowledge which he claims to exist can be attained.

There is only one way to establish fundamental truths either in ethics or religion, and that is by an appeal to life. If God is found at all, He will be found in human experience; in an experience involving the whole of man and the whole of humanity.

Thus the knowledge which we may attain is subjective, it would appear, and not objective; and we are led to that subjectivism in religion which is the natural outcome of the idea of private judgment as the rule of belief which came in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the Lutheran movement. That in the end comes to mean believing just what we feel that we can believe and that again means jettisoning the greater part of the faith of Christianity. Of that there is some evidence in this book.

"Grown wise by the experience of the past, and thoroughly imbued with the scientific spirit, our leading thinkers in the religious world do not assume some broad generalization, such as the Fall of Man, or the sovereign decrees of the Almighty, upon which to build impossing systems of thought. On the contrary, they are keeping very close to facts of human experience; they deal almost exclusively with the near end of truth."

In other words only those usually known as modernists are to be regarded as "our leading thinkers," and their structure of religion is determined by what they think reasonably credible. There has recently been published in a number of the Modern Churchman an article entitled The Scientific Approach to Religion, which may be consulted by those desirous of studying the latest views of this wing of belief. But here in this book, where there is so much with which we agree, are to be gleaned the results of this method of attempting to arrive at "knowledge." The author says—

"I cannot close without saying a word about our certitude of redemption through Christ. Most of us are willing to admit that he is the divinest spirit within our view, but his claims are staggering and we are often sorely puzzled. Is he rightfully the Lord of our lives? Yes, for we must needs love and obey the highest when we see it. Whether he be God incarnate, or humanity realized, he commands us. We must 'give the best we have to the best we know.'"

From which it appears that the subjective method does not bring us to a knowledge of Christ as God; as the creator as well as the judge of the world, any more than it does—as we learn elsewhere though not in this book—to a belief in His virgin birth or in His resurrection. Nor even to a knowledge of a future state.

"A future existence must be a matter of lofty faith, not of certitude. Jesus had little to say regarding the life hereafter. He did not argue about it, he assumed it."

Yet, though Jesus Himself assumed it, we cannot have certitude of it! What manner of Man was this, we may fairly ask, Who is to be accepted as our supreme teacher, yet Whose assumptions are not necessarily to be credited?

In fine whilst we agree that religion has knowledge just as much as science, we believe that it was arrived at by another and far better path than that pointed out by the writer, though the subject is far too great for more than an outline to be afforded here. But in concluding we should like to ask what church and when, in its "days of bigotry," discredited science "as a black art, the craft of the devil?"

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Organized Theatre, a Plea in Civics, by St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THIS is in the main a sane and stimulating volume, based on sound traditions and high ideals. Mr. Ervine writes with a certain militant vigor, under the urge of a fine enthusiasm, and with his wonted command of a smooth and limpid prose. His chief need is a more symmetrical structure and sustained singleness of purpose. A book may suffer from a scattered aim, even though it put on a bold front with a definite and concrete title.

In a prefatory note the author states that the volume is an outgrowth of five lectures delivered last year at the University of Liverpool, but that there is now "a great deal of material in it which was not in them." This admission is as superfluous as it is candid; even though he dispenses with chapter headings, the extraneous matter stands apart, as definitely segregated as though screened off by the most formal of typographical hedgerows. No one objects to a frank miscellany of essays; but when the separate chapters are meant to blend smoothly and fail to do so, the whole work has an awkward effect of having disintegrated, like an unsuccessful mayonnaise.

One would like to single out the substance of those five essays on the Art of the Theatre, that served as the book's foundation stones, and concentrate attention upon them, because of their fine conservatism, their keen sense of relative values, the contrast they offer to the vague theorizing, the verbal smoke-screens, of so much of our contemporary so-called criticism. But Mr. Ervine himself has made this treatment impossible by choosing a title that would lose half its significance without the extraneous chapter at the end; and he has given the full emphasis of position to those equally extraneous chapters in which he has laid aside the academic cap and gown, donned his armor and gone merrily a-tilting in a joyous, mad, devastating tourney against a couple of American critics. "I began this book," he says complacently, "with some derogatory references to Mr. Stark Young and Mr. Kenneth MacGowan, and I shall end it with more derogatory references to them."

Mr. Ervine begins his attack upon Mr. Stark Young by blythely singling out the latter's guarded admission that the English have, "I think, a talent for poetry." He pounces upon this phrase, turns it over, plays with it, teases it, precisely as a cat with a mouse, leaves it and comes back again and again, until he has wrung the last gasp out of it. "I believe in making things concrete," says Mr. Ervine, "Chaucer, I think, had a talent for poetry; Shakespeare, I think, had a talent for poetry . . .," and so on down the page, through the whole anthology of British verse makers. Incidentally he takes occasion to revise Mr. Young's list of the leading contemporary European dramatists, sweeping the board clean, so to speak, and rearranging his knights, kings, castles and pawns where he thinks they belong. "I leave Mr. Young in his admiration of D'Annunzio, which is not shared by the Italian people;" "Singe did not follow in D'Annunzio's wake, . . . he was a decadent descendant of the Elizabethans;" and "when Mr. Young describes Galsworthy as 'a mild form of a dozen Continentals,' he is talking what I should call pure piffle." All of which goes to show that the critic who rests upon sound tradition can afford to be dogmatic, where the modern theorist cannot.

His quarrel with Mr. MacGowan centers in the latter's contention that the art of the theatre is "neither the acting nor the play, the scene nor the dance," but consists of all these things combined; and that the stage setting is as important as the text. "If applied to a book," says Mr. Ervine trenchantly, "that would mean that the covers are as important as the matter contained in them. . . . But is the acolyte more than the priest or even equal to him? Is the priest more than God, or even equal to him? What is this shoddy democracy that will not recognize that there is a hierarchy of minds and functions?" The playwright of the future, he asserts, will disregard Mr. MacGowan's prophesies, and will "not permit painters and decorators and fiddlers and electricians to give themselves airs in his presence."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When we turn to the main body of the volume, the chief article of Mr. Ervine's dramatic creed may perhaps be most briefly epitomized in the statement that the theatre resembles the government, in that every people in the long run gets pretty nearly the kind that it deserves. Whether privately owned or owned by the community, it will never be much, if at all, better "than the taste of the community permits it to be." Our modern public schools and the spread of popular education have not helped; for education is merely an instrument, and like other instruments will be well—or ill—used, according to the quality of the people who possess it. "If the people are a fine people, then the education will be well and finely used, and will have fine results; but if the people are a paltry people, then it will be meanly used and will have mean results." From our modern standpoint the Elizabethan public was uneducated; the percentage of illiteracy was high; yet in Elizabethan times "greatness ranged easily through all departments of life. The people were fit to be subjects of the sovereign, and the sovereign was fit to govern them." And to emphasize the contrast that he has in mind, Mr. Ervine adds parenthetically—"The Prince of Wales goes to see one revue a dozen times or more. . . . I could wish that his Royal Highness were a little more catholic in his choice and that he cared for fine plays more than he cares for trashy ones. It is a horrid thought that we are ruled by people whose taste is below the average, rather than above it."

To Shakespeare Mr. Ervine pays this brief but most felicitous tribute—"He adds little to the world's store of ideas. Darwin or an Einstein may change the habits of mankind, but no one can contend that Shakespeare has changed them. . . . But when all these claims have been made and acknowledged, the judgment is that his supremacy remains. There is a loveliness in his writing and a human immanence in all his plays, which leaves him indisposable."

To readers interested in the growth and spread of the community theatre movement, the summary of what has already been done in England in that direction together with Mr. Ervine's predictions of future possibilities will be welcome. Altogether, the volume contains much that is worth while; and it closes on a cheering note of optimism—"If we give the theatre our respect, it will return to the glory and the stature that it had when good Queen Elizabeth reigned on the throne." Unfortunately he means that as a big, big "If," for all the way through he has iterated that "a man with a Chu Chin Chow mind will not easily be persuaded to patronize any other than a Chu Chin Chow play."

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

The Gardens of Omar, by Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

MR. BORDEAUX has written a remarkable study of the life of the Maronites of Mount Lebanon, their racial problems and heroic struggle for independence. This fine panorama of a fine race of Christians fighting against Mohammedanism on the frontiers of the Holy Land awakens a profound sense of sympathy and admiration.

Mr. Henry Longan Stuart gives us an excellently transparent version in English of Bordeaux's book, a simple narrative that under the guise of a novel, carries us through the heroic scenes giving us insight into the sturdy hearts of this ancient people.

Yamilé, the heroine, succumbs to love for a handsome Moslem and elopes from her home into Tripoli, whence she is stolen back by her kinsmen and is put to death to avenge the Maronite code of religion and family honor violated by her surrender to her Moslem lover. The final chapter of the book, which only at the end quite surrenders itself to the proper emotionalism of a real love, sums up the racial story of Maronite integrities. It is a problem to be meditated upon by all our modern sentimentalists. Khalil, the deserted Maronite, lover of Yamilé, and her sister meet in their old age—

"'Yamilé was free," said Khalil. "Her love for Omar was so great, so simple and so fine that I bowed my head before it. You have just called her frivolous. What could be less frivolous than such a love? Oh, it was abominable to crush it, to treat it as a crime and to kill that adorable child!"

"The old woman pondered a while before replying, as though she considered that an answer so important should be formulated in calmness.

"'I loved Yamilé tenderly," she said at last. "But she was guilty and her punishment was a just one.

"'Just!—"

"'Yes. Just. I am forced to recognize it, Khalil. In allying herself to a Mussulman, she trampled underfoot her religion and her country and renounced the hatred which separates us from the butchers of our race. I do not know how the people live in the country from which you come to us. But our roots are set in a past of suffering, of blood, of honor, and of religion. What is a soldier called who goes over to the enemy?"

"'Love makes light of laws."

"'Then love is wrong. We have no right to love against our own people."

"'Love cannot be controlled."

"'Then all the more reason it should be on its guard. A love that is contrary to our honor we refuse to own. We live by it or we die through it: that is our own affair. As soon as we let it appear outwardly, it compromises us and with us the entire future; for love is a creator."

"'I am for the victims," cried Khalil, "and not for the murderers."

"'Which were the victims in this case, Khalil, and which the murderers? My mother died of shame and guilt; my father survived only a short time the condemnation which he had the courage to pronounce. I was deprived of their support. My brothers and you went into exile. Yes—who were the victims, I ask again?"

"'The marriage should have been accepted."

"'And soon the daughters of our mountains would have filled the harems of Tripoli and Aleppo. Our enemies surround us and press on us from all sides. We are a Christian fortress beaten upon incessantly by the waves of Mohammedanism. It is always weakness that prepares the way for disaster. Let us pity Yamilé, if you will, but how admit that a man like you, marked out by your wisdom, your wealth and your experience to be a guide for others, can have lost all firmness of heart and character? Yamilé forgiven! What an example to our young maidens! Her death was their salvation. That is how traditions are maintained.

THOMAS WALSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIEFER MENTION

Redcliff, by Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is a book one would hesitate to recommend to any but the most patient of readers, for it carries one through some four hundred and seventy pages of rural English episodes, dialogue and philosophy, and in all those pages there are only one or two passages which are genuinely moving.

This does not mean that Mr. Phillpotts has failed to accomplish what he set out to do. Far from it. He has drawn for us so perfect a picture of Redcliff and its many inhabitants, that we feel that we must have spent a long time there ourselves. It is a very true picture, understanding but not sentimental, realistic but not microscopically detailed. Perhaps it is this very lack of personal bias which makes one feel that the book is not artistically significant.

Full of quotable bits, brief, telling character analysis, like that of Edgar Lee Masters without his cynicism, descriptions of the countryside almost redolent of nature, a wealth of anecdote, and a masterly counterfeit of the way life weaves its patterns, one day laying the criss-cross threads through which tomorrow's strands will pass to make a web of comedy or tragedy, still it is nothing but a pattern, for we do not see it through the partisan eyes of any one loved character; nor does Mr. Phillpotts himself seem to wish to make us share any emotion stronger than his own absorbed and human interest in his fellow creatures, nor to persuade us to any view-point of rural life, except perhaps the true one of how great a doctrine of moderation and of sincerity close contact with nature teaches. It is therefore more like a scale model of a village than a painting. In fact our chief quarrel with the book is its lack of what, in a painting, would be termed "composition." Nothing stands out. Miller Parable remarks "the greatest are only flies on the hub of human life," and so they are unless you love them. As Mary Honeywill says to the miller, of his grandson, whom she wants to marry—"I can explain the wonder of Joe to you, Mr. Parable, I can make you understand if you'll let me."

One feels that one has lived in Redcliff a long time and grown fond of its people. But as one closes the book, it is like stepping off the train on the home platform after a country rest-cure, which one has enjoyed, but during which one's own life has been at a standstill.

G. T. E.

Dale Dramas, by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe. London: The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

A CHARMING book of nine plays strongly redolent of Yorkshire life, from the pen of Dorothy Una Ratcliffe, with striking woodcuts by Fred Lawson, makes a pleasant impression on the shelf of new publications. Miss Ratcliffe ranges in her themes from shepherds and rustic scenes to romantic episodes in the life of Mary Queen of Scots and the gallant Robin Hood. These are brief dramatic snatches, crumbs from a rich table, luscious in flavor and all the sweeter for their clever brevity. We should have more of such interludes—not one-act plays packed full and bursting through the flimsy packing like so many one-act plays; but gentle episodic scenes on subjects in which the audience is awake, aware and participant. Even our dinners might be lightened with some of these touches of dramatic fantasy; the interest in the jazz contortions of some of our musicians shows that the eyes of many are hungry even while the mouth is full.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The Editor:—The spirit of our new rule for keeping the library a place for rest and recreation, remote from business, is one that I heartily commend. In order to further it, I deemed it wise to invite into its sanctum a few of our contributors and their friends.

Dr. Angelicus:—(*Uneasily*) Er—friends?—Ad lib?

The Editor:—Certainly. Their friends should be our friends.

Dr. Angelicus:—Let us welcome our friends, by all means. But our friends' friends?—you see diversity of taste is, er—so diversifying.

The Editor:—The Quiet Corner must not become inhibited—too ingrossed in its own habituées. We must be open to the wide world and its ideas.

Statisticus:—As I understand it, the contributors and their friends were invited by you to further rest and recreation in these parts?

The Editor:—Exactly.

Statisticus:—Then if they fail to rest or recreate us, they need not be invited again?

Tittivillus:—(*Through the open library doors*) Guests! Shall I let them in?

Statisticus:—Tactful Tittivillus! (*Aside to Dr. Angelicus*) Wonder if they are the restful or recreating kind?

(*Enter two guests.*)

The Editor:—Ah! It's Doctor Condé Benoist Pallen! Welcome, Doctor.

Dr. Pallen:—May I introduce my friend, Mr. Critic?

The Editor:—You are both welcome. . . . Draw your chairs nearer the fire. We are in just the mood for pleasant conversation.

Mr. Critic:—It's really too warm for a fire today. If you don't mind, I'll sit here.

The Editor:—Dr. Pallen, we enjoyed Frankenstein's Monster, your recent article—very much.

Mr. Critic:—If I may be allowed to say so, the article, while very fine in some respects, contained some shocking inaccuracies, which, coming from your pen, my dear friend, were most painful to me.

Dr. Pallen:—Indeed? What were they?

Mr. Critic:—I must call your attention to the fact that the Djinn really escaped from the *fisherman's* bottle—not Aladdin's.

Dr. Pallen:—When we get meticulizing, let's meticulize. My Arabian Nights dates back a good many years, but if my memory still holds, and if you are really worrying over property rights, the bottle wasn't the fisherman's either. He fished it out of the sea, where it had been dropped, Djinn and all, by its real owner. As the law of property assures us, the fisherman would have no claim to it as against its rightful owner.

Dr. Angelicus:—(*Becoming interested*) The original bottle of Djinn, eh? Considering what Aladdin said he saw afterward, I can well believe it. The real question is—how many cocktails—

Mr. Critic:—Excuse me for interrupting for a moment, but I really should call your attention, Dr. Pallen, to your incorrect spelling of Aladdin. It has two d's—not one; and one l—not two.

Dr. Pallen:—Did I spell Aladdin wrong? That's too bad. I trust it did not disturb Aladdin. By the way, is he a subscriber?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEEING EUROPE THROUGH CATHOLIC EYES

Five Illustrated Lectures

By MONSIGNOR McMAHON

THE AUDITORIUM, 468 West 143rd Street

March 2nd Rome and the Vatican.
March 9th Mont St. Michel, Architectural Marvel of the World.
March 16th Paris of the Churches, Not of the Cabarets.
March 23rd Lourdes: Picturesque and Religious. The Scenic Setting of Our Lady's Jewel.
March 30th Carcassonne the Unique, and Nimes, Lovely Relic of Paganism.

Subscription Tickets for the Course.....Five Dollars
Tickets for Single Lectures.....One Dollar and a Half

Proceeds for the Camps for Boys and Girls conducted by the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at Livingston Manor, New York.

Applications (accompanied by check or postal order) will be filled in order of reception.

M. G. NORTON, *Secretary,*
468 West 143rd Street,
New York City.

John Farrar, Editor of The Bookman, heads the list of outstanding motion pictures with

THE IRON HORSE

and says, "It is superb. I recommend it with all vigor."

R. Dana Skinner in The Commonweal: "It is one of those rare pictures that partakes of the epic quality—not chanting the deeds of one man only but the spirit of a continent at one of its glorious moments."

Bruce Bliven in The New Republic: "For most Americans such a story holds the thrill of seeing the harnessing of the continent. Well worth sitting through."

WILLIAM FOX presents

THE IRON HORSE

The Best Motion Picture of 1924-25

LYRIC THEATRE 42nd Street West of Broadway

Twice Daily: 2.30 & 8.30. Sunday Matinee at 3.

The Editor:—(*Hastily*) Not on our lists at present, but our circulation manager assures us he soon will be. He claims that our circulation will eventually include all the people of America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, as well as those of romance and history. He says—

Mr. Critic:—I beg your pardon, but I should like to return for a moment to the discussion of Dr. Pallen's article. Another annoying inaccuracy was his statement that "Puck put a girdle around the earth in forty *seconds.*" As a matter of fact, it took Puck exactly forty *minutes.* There is quite a discrepancy between seconds and minutes, you must admit.

Dr. Pallen:—Ah, how terrible! I am indeed lost. I actually cut off 2,360 seconds from Puck's achievement! But then we live in a swifter age. I am sure Puck would have said forty seconds if he had said it in the twentieth century. Had he been acquainted with Einstein's theory, whatever E's. theory may be, he would have said—"I'll girdle the earth in the second that has just gone by." O tempora—O mores—but we are living in a wonderfully meticulous age! I am told that a neucleus with its solar system of electrons magnified ten billion times would just about fit on the point of a needle!

Mr. Critic:—(*Fussily*) Such mistakes are not to be laughed away. Think of your obligation to young America. They must be given their facts accurately. Future generations must not grow up overestimating Puck.

Dr. Angelicus:—How can they while there is The Commonweal?

Mr. Critic:—(*Rising*) I see that you do not possess the love of accuracy which is the joy of my own particular life. But I think, however, that you should be more careful in the future. And now I must go, happily with the sense of duty well done.

The Editor:—Would you mind registering in the Guest Book as you pass out?

Mr. Critic:—(*Picking up book and writing*) Oh, am I really to have the honor as a guest of being the first?

Dr. Angelicus:—(*Under his breath*) And the first shall be last, I hope. (*Exit Mr. Critic*) I wonder what his full name is.

Statisticus:—(*Reading from the book*) A. Carping Critic.

Dr. Angelicus:—Insert after Critic—n. r. n. r. b. i. f.

Statisticus:—Meaning?

Dr. Angelicus:—Non-restful, non-recreative, barred in future.

The Editor:—My dear Dr. Pallen, surely he is not a *friend* of yours?

Dr. Pallen:—As a matter of fact, I just met him today at luncheon, but he begged to be brought along. He is simply a specimen of the meticulous of the mosquito tribe. He is the type of person who cannot see the elephant for the fly on its back.

Dr. Angelicus:—I am relieved. When I thought he was your friend, I could only say over and over to myself—"chacun a son goût," as the old woman said when she kissed her cow.

Statisticus:—Our late guest would say—"Not at all. If she was tending a cow, obviously she did not speak French."

Dr. Angelicus:—Ah, but her cow pasture may have lain in Piccardy, her cow may have been French, uttering "mooé," for moo, and she herself—

(*The library doors swing shut.*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED